

FIEND BOOK

2002

Say what you will about him; arrogant, cocky, boisterous, and a fun loving fool to boot. He has earned his place in the sun. Across the span of fifty years he has given this country some of its proudest moments and most cherished military traditions. But fame is short-lived and little the world remembers. Almost forgotten are the 1400 fighter pilots who stood alone against the might of Hitler's Germany during the dark summer of 1940 and gave, in the words of Winston Churchill, gave England "It's finest hour." Gone from the hardstands at Duxford are the 51s with their checkerboard noses that terrorized the finest fighters the Luftwaffe had. Dimly remembered is the Fourth Fighter Group that gave Americans some of their few proud moments in the skies over Korea. How fresh in recall are the Air Commandos who valiantly struck the VC with their aging "Skyraiders" in the rain and blood soaked valley called A-Shau? And how long will be remembered the "Phantoms" and "Thuds" over "Route Pack Six" and the flack-filled skies over Hanoi? Barrel Roll, Steel Tiger, Tally Ho. So here's a "Nickel on the Grass" to you, my friend and your spirit, enthusiasm, sacrifice, and courage—but most of all, to your friendship. Yours is a dying breed and when you are gone, the world will be a lesser place!

Friar Tuck





LtCol "Gumby" Webster



LtCol "Lips" Farquhar



Col "Sting" White



Col "Mister" Rogers



Maj "Rat" Hanselman



Maj "Lothar" Hill



Capt "Magic" Denny



Capt "Batman" Battema



Capt "Mogli" Migliori



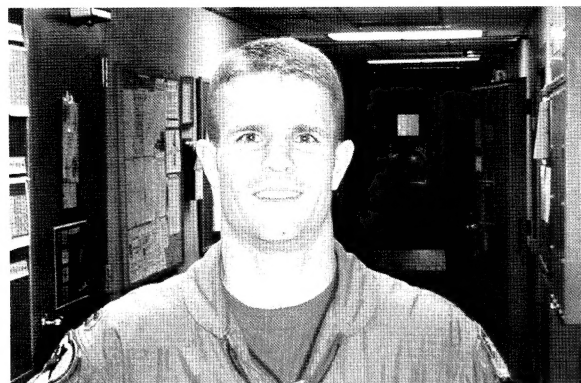
Capt "Fatty" Jones



Capt "Tractor" Cason



Capt "Buda" Kang



Capt "Cash" Boatright



Capt "T-Bone" Tobergte



Capt "Wilber" Betts



Capt "Bolt" Barten



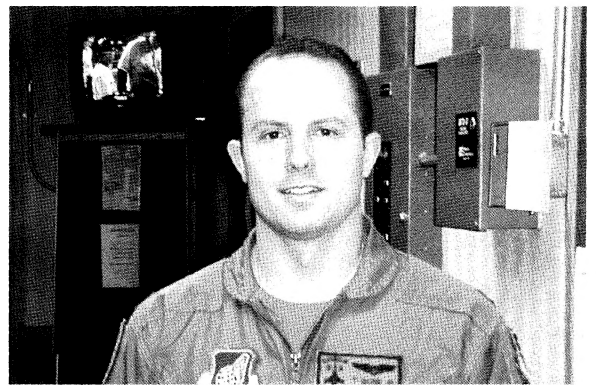
Capt "Axe" Dent



Capt "Mach" May



Capt "Tooma" Liljenstolpe



Capt "T-Bone Jr." Robbins



Capt "Motor" Feucht



Capt "Toof" Bjorgen



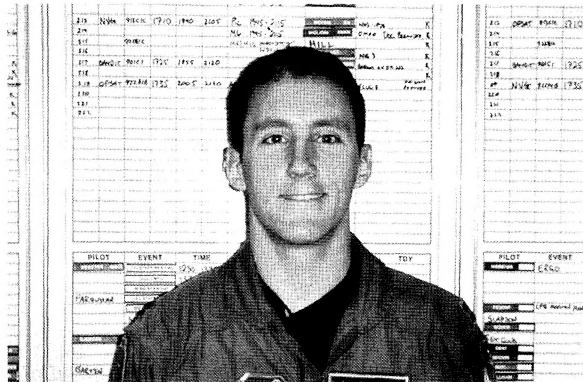
Capt "Quba-Ho" Sparkman



Capt "Mornin" Woods



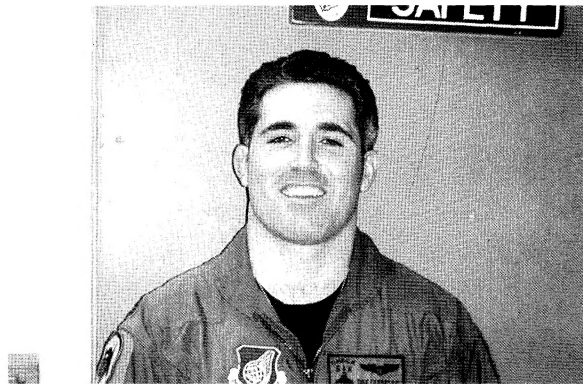
Maj "Walleye" Waller



Capt "Wierd" Harrold



Capt "Shotgun" McElhinney



Capt "Mojo" Cornelius



Capt "Ice" Simpson



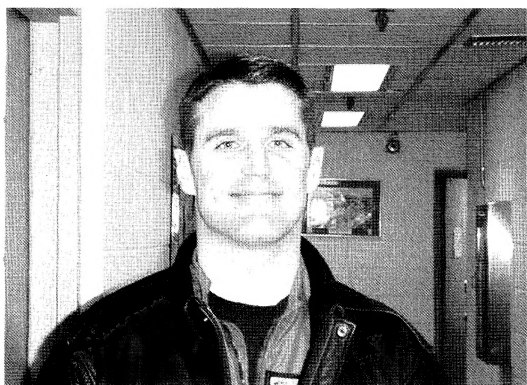
Capt "Spunkin" DeLapp



Capt "Latex" Collins



Capt "Beaker" Wickert



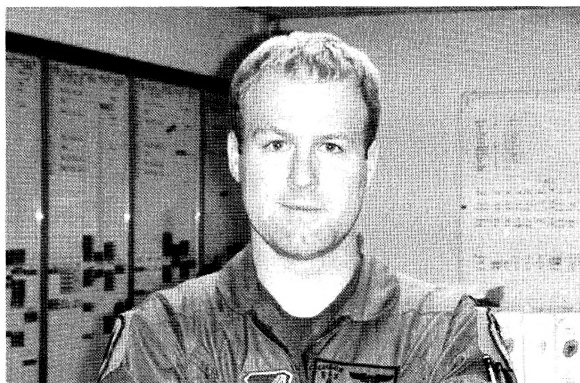
Capt "Booma" Anastasoff



Capt "Lerch" Lercher



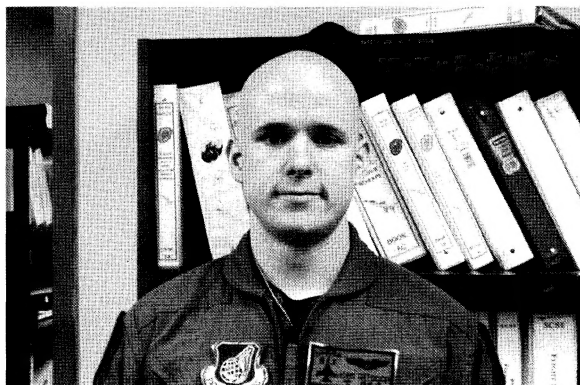
Capt "Tonka" Douglas



Capt "BAKN" Linnel



Capt "Shack" Yarborough



1Lt "Slider" Getgood



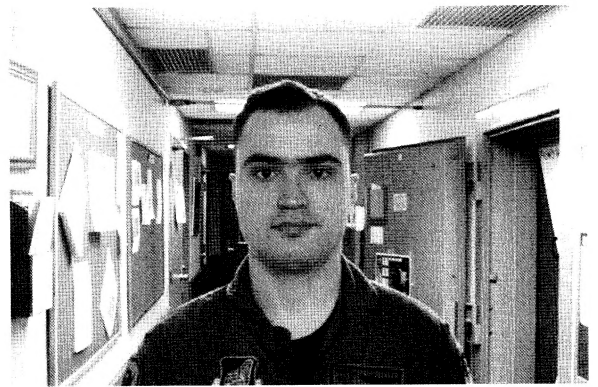
1Lt "Buster" Charrier



1Lt "Bro" Heber



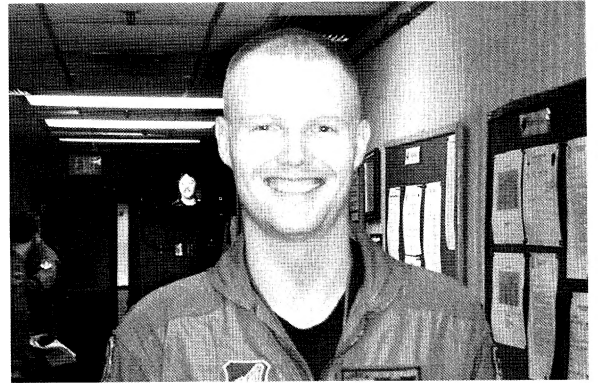
1Lt "Squeeze" Callahan



1Lt "Tits" Sullivan



1Lt "Downtown" Brown



1Lt "Slew" Vicars



1Lt "Squirt" Miller



Capt "Juice" Wydra



1Lt "Roquette" Yost



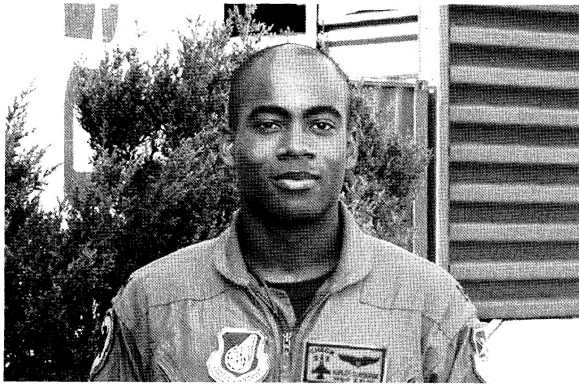
1Lt "Snake" Rusin



Capt "Shorts" Bermudez



Capt "R2" Cho



FNG Clayborne



FNG Ott



FNG Kopacek



FNG King



Lt Quentin Roosevelt

WORLD WAR I AND THE EARLY YEARS

The 36th Aero Squadron was formed at Kelly Field, Texas on 12 June 1917 by a group of aviation pioneers who desired to go to Europe and prove the value of air power in World War I. By August, they had relocated to New York and continued their training and other preparation for their overseas assignment. En route, they drilled and paraded at Texarkana, Arkansas; Chattanooga, Tennessee; and Hagerstown Maryland.

By the light of a full moon on 23 August 1917, the 36th sailed for Europe, specifically Liverpool, England aboard the S.S. Baltic. Additional ships in the convoy were met at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The voyage would not be completely without incident. While rounding the coast of Ireland, a large explosion was felt aboard the Baltic and immediate fears were that a German "U-Boat" was in the area. A diary read:

...It was just after supper, quite a few of us were up on the deck while others were below playing cards or reading. When a terrific crash was heard, followed by five blasts of the ships whistle which meant – to the boats! This was followed by a hastened but orderly movement to the lifeboats. An accompanying destroyer steamed over to the position of the alleged submarine and dropped depth charges. Further examination of the Baltic revealed only minor damage and the ship proceeded on to Liverpool where we were discharged...

The convoy continued into Southampton, where the 36th set up a temporary rest headquarters. While there, the fifty flyers assigned to the unit spent two days TDY, or as they called it the, detached duty, with the Royal Flying Corps for training. Other personnel continued preparations for the move to France.

By 18 September 1917 the 36th had reached LeHavre, France. German Prisoners of War at LeHavre refused to believe that the men of the 36th were part of the US Army. They had been certain that German submarines were blockading all attempts to move US troops overseas.

Two days later the men of the 36th received a royal welcome at the town of Etamps, France. Civic leaders and military officials conducted a welcoming ceremony. Each man of the 36th received a ticket, which was good for one free drink, which could be used at any café in town. The men soon found out that they could present the ticket, imbibe one drink, and then ask for the ticket back to keep as a souvenir. This process was repeated throughout the night, and as the town had about 74 cafes, the squadron was temporarily immobilized.

The 36th Squadron was dispersed to various French airplane factories and motor schools for continued training: One detachment went to Paris, another to Lyon, while the Commander and his headquarters element remained at Issoudun, France. Commanding the 36th at this time was 1Lt Quentin Roosevelt. In a letter to his father, the former President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, the young Lieutenant stated:

Father, I command a wilder bunch of roughnecks that your roughriders ever dared to be...

And rough they were. Food was scarce at Issoudun. Often, a meal consisted of three pieces of hard tack, a cup of coffee, and a spoonful of beans. The coffee was especially good. However, it was flavored with a distinct wine taste, caused in no small part by the fact that old wine barrels were considered good water carriers by 36th personnel. In addition, the men enjoyed the fruits of the surrounding orchards.

Being able to survive with limited rations was one thing, however, when General John J. Pershing inspected their unit in late October 1917, the men of the 36th let him know in no uncertain terms that they would like their pay. It had been more than three months since their last payday. Two days later, a paymaster arrived at 1000 in the evening and help pay call.

Through 1918 the 36th was assigned to various aerial gunnery schools, and other training areas. Men were often sent to other units for combat duty or other duties, as required. The 36th did not get into combat as a unit during the war. Barracks were constructed entirely through self-help, at La Corneau, France, and hydroplanes were repaired at that facility, along with an occasional Nieuport. A gunnery school was also established at St. Jean de Monts, France.

THE THIRTIES AND WORLD WAR II

After World War I, the 36th returned to the United States aboard the SS Mancuria and on 7 April 1919 were demobilized at Garden City, New Jersey. The 36 TFS remained dormant until it was once again activated on 2 October 1930 at Selfridge Field, Michigan.

Time was spent training pilots and developing new tactics for air warfare. Pilots did enjoy air shows and other pastimes, while thoughts of actual combat dealt with visions of Baron Von Richtofen and Eddie Richenbacker. Noted in their unit's history was an entry of 22 February 1931, which stated:

We flew our F-6's and P-12's from Selfridge Field to Chicago to attend the premier showing of a play "Blue Flame", which was written by the wife of Lt Marion L. Elliot, our Squadron Commander...

The 36th also represented the 1st Pursuit Group in Air Corps exercises at Dayton, Ohio. The 1st Group later received a letter of commendation from Maj Gen Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, for a highly efficient performance during the exercise.

On 10 May 1932 the 36th flew 19 P-12's to Langley Field, Virginia for use by the 8th Pursuit Group. The 36th was subsequently assigned to the 8th Pursuit Group. The 8th Pursuit would later be redesigned the 8th Fighter-Bomber Group, 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing, and is now the 8th Fighter Wing. While stationed at Langley Field, the 8th provided men and supplies as well as the airplanes for reviews, ceremonies, and other celebrations and special occasions in Washington, D.C.

Operating out of various stations in the Eastern United States, the 36th flew airmail for the US Postal Service. Pilots flew in open cockpits; very often in bad weather during night or day without instruments and other needed equipment. The 36th, unlike some other units assigned similar duties, did not lose a single pilot or plane in their four months of duty with the Postal Service.

In early 1935, the Air Corps was trying hard to prove the feasibility of operating under field conditions as self-contained units. Aiding the cause, the 36th participated in exercises the Southeastern US, specifically designed to test those theories.

In early 1940 the 36th began preparations for possible action in the war in Europe. By November the squadron had relocated to Mitchell Field, New York. During 1941, the 36th conducted extensive gunnery training in the Eastern US with P-40 aircraft. When the US officially entered World War II in December, the 36th deployed to Stratford, Connecticut and provided a portion of the air defense of the Eastern Seaboard.

In late 1942 the 36th moved to San Francisco, California in preparation for a deployment to the Asian Theater of Operations. The squadron sailed for Brisbane, Australia aboard the SS Mauri on 12 February 1942, a voyage that took 24 days. The unit trained with P-39s at Lowood, Queensland and later at Antil Plains near Townsville, Australia. On 20 April 1942, the squadron moved to Seven-Mile Drome near Port Moresby, New Guinea, which was the last remaining allied stronghold north of Australia. The first contingent flew up in transports on the 26th, and the pilots flew the P-39s up on the 28th. They encountered severe weather and lost 15 planes en route. It was a staggering blow to both Americans and Australians. Another 26 P-39s arrived safely on the 30th.

The first combat mission of WWII for the 36th took place on 30 April 1942. Tasked with a strafing mission at La Salamana, New Guinea, the aircrews encountered 15 to 20 Japanese Zeros. The ensuing dogfight lasted all the way back to Port Moresby. Two pilots of the 36th, Captain Paul G. Brown and Captain James J. Bevlock, were forced to land. Capt Brown claimed probable destruction of one Zero. During WWII the 36th would lose 56 men listed as killed or missing in action.

From April through June 1942 more than 300 enemy planes flew sorties over Seven-Mile Drome in an effort to soften Allied defenses and eliminate Allied air power in that area, prior to a major Japanese invasion effort. The 36th defended the Drome and claimed 21 enemy planes destroyed during 94 individual combat engagements. The squadron lost 10 planes, but five pilots were saved. Rations were destroyed for the most part and the aircrews lived on bread, jam and tea. 1Lt Donald G. McGee was credited with the squadron's first confirmed victory when he shot down a Zero over the Seven-Mile Drome on 1 May 1942. While the 36th was establishing its ground echelon force at Port Moresby, the battle of the Coral Sea was underway. In this decisive naval engagement, the Japanese were rebuffed in their efforts to land an invasion force in the vicinity of Port Moresby, thereby marking the beginning of Allied efforts to stem the tide of Japanese conquest.

After three months of heavy combat operations, the pilots and ground crews of the 36th got some welcome relief from another squadron and returned to their former camp near Townsville. Some of the men were suffering from malaria and dengue fever. The reunion of the squadron at Townsville was a cause for great celebration. The kitchen was opened with coffee and sandwiches, a huge stack of mail was waiting to be opened, and in the middle of the room were three large barrels of beer...and the party ended at 3:00 AM.

The Japanese sent several planes to bomb Townsville in late July 1942. After the first incident, the pilots of the 36th took to the skies to defend the city. Unfortunately, local anti-aircraft batteries make it very dangerous to pursue enemy aircraft. After closer coordination with ground forces, the 36th attacked the invaders on the night of 1 August 1942 and sent the attacker hurtling to the ground in flames.

By September 1942 the 36th was located at Milne Bay, New Guinea, and equipped with P-39s. They performed patrol and reconnaissance missions, escorted transports, protected Allied shipping to the area of Milne Bay, and during December 1942, patrolled the area between Port Moresby and Buna, New Guinea. Enemy opposition was encountered on only two occasions, the 7th and 28th of December. On the anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor, Lt George S. Welsh, who had destroyed four enemy aircraft one year earlier, shot down three enemy aircraft near Buna.

After another rest and recovery period, the 36th relocated to Ward's Drome, Port Moresby in the spring of 1943 and operated from this location until December 1943. While there, the unit escorted transports to Wau, the Markham Valley and Nadzab, and occasionally escorted bomber missions. On 10 September 1943, the 36th converted to P-47s.

In late December 1943, while stationed at Nadzab, New Guinea, sixteen P-47s encountered between 50 to 75 enemy Vals, Oscars and Zeros near Kokopo Point. During the ensuing battle, the 36th destroyed five enemy planes and lost two P-47s. Gen George C. Kennedy later commended the squadron and the War Department awarded the unit the Distinguished Unit Citation for bravery in action.

As 1944 began, the 36th was stationed at Finschhafen, New Guinea, flying P-38s. From that vantage point, pilots strafed and dive-bombed Japanese facilities along the northern coast of New Guinea. Targets included buildings, barges, ships, communication stations and enemy personnel gatherings at WeWak, Alexishafen, and Hansa Bay. By the summer of '44, the 36th had leapfrogged its way north to Owi Island and Wake Island. The squadron was decimated by an epidemic of scrub typhus, a disease carried by mites, which infested Owi. Preventative measures included burning the mite infest areas and rigidly enforcing the wearing of clothing impregnated with a chemical solution.

For the rest of the year, the 36th escorted bombers and dive-bombed and strafed airfields and other targets in the Halmaharas, Beram and Celebes. Included in this period was the first mission of the 36th to the Philippines on 2 September 1944. Staging through Middleburg Island, next to Sanapor on the Vogelkop Peninsula, the P-38s escorted the B-24s to bomb the airfields at Davao on Mindinao. Following this mission, three pilots claimed destruction of a Japanese bomber; the question ultimately resolved by the remainder of 1944, the 36th performed air patrol and escort mission to Balikpapan, Borneo, when his P-38s encountered a flight of enemy aircraft. Captain Ladd dove into the formation and destroyed two Japanese Oscars. However, he received fire from a Tojo and crashed into the sea. Two weeks later, led by Captain William K. Giroux, eleven P-38s of the 36th destroyed six enemy aircraft on the ground at Sandakan, Borneo. He led an attack against two other tankers on the trip home, but a shortage of fuel caused termination of the mission.

The 36th participated in the Leyte Campaign in November 1944 by flying against enemy airfields, attacking enemy aircraft formations and providing air escort. The 36th claimed aerial destruction of 30 enemy aircraft over the Philippines and had its first Aces, Capt William K. Giroux and 1Lt John S. Dunaway.

1Lt John S. Dunaway destroyed four planes during a single engagement on 6 November 1944, for which he was later awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. The squadron history recorded his exploits as follows:

Lieutenant Dunaway sighted a Zeke flying over Fabrica Airfield and immediately attacked it, firing a 10 degree deflection shot from a range of 200 yards. The Zeke burst into flames and crashed. His next sighting was another Zeke-type, which received a 5 degree deflection shot fired at approximately 200 yards closing to 50 yards. This Zeke followed the pattern of the former and crashed in flames. About seven miles east of Fabrica Strip, Lt Dunaway spotted a lone Tony flying at about 5,000 feet. Overtaking the enemy aircraft in a rear attack, he managed a 30 degree deflection shot, which scored and sent the enemy down in flames. Three victories failed to still his vigilance. His reward appeared soon enough in the form of an enemy Kate, flying south of the enemy airdrome. In a steep bank, he began firing on the enemy aircraft from a 90 degree deflection and closed in to 10 degrees. Flames encircled the wing sections fairly quickly and the Kate went crashing into the ground near Fabrica.

Prior to entering the Lazon Campaign in December 1944, the 36th received new P-38 Lightnings and set up a ground echelon near San Jose at Hill Strip. A portion of the ground echelon force accompanied the assault forces which invaded Mindoro. Approximately 0900 on 15 December 1944, at a point just off Mindoro, the LST which was carrying these men was attacked by a Japanese suicide pilot. The enemy plane hit the side of the LST 2Lt Kenneth W. Wheeler supervised the sumping of all ammunition drums, and when the abandon ship order was given, searched the burning vessel to determine that all personnel were evacuated safely. The 36th lost only one man.

Pilots of the 36th flew their new P-38s from Leyte to Mindoro, and as they prepared for initial landing on the Hill Strip, they were attacked by 12 to 15 enemy aircraft. Led by Capt Allen E. Hill, their Squadron Commander, 36th pilots destroyed six enemy fighters and seriously damaged several more.

On the anniversary of the 36th's distinguished action during the invasion of New Britain, it won another Distinguished Unit Citation for outstanding performance. On the evening of 26 December 1944, the 8th Group received intelligence that an enemy task force was approaching Mindoro. Pilots of the 36th hurriedly took off from Hill Strip and attempted to locate and strafe the enemy ships. Lt Herald B. Lowery found them in the darkness and circled about the convoy with his landing lights on - thus exposing himself to anti-aircraft fire, while other pilots attacked the ships. One destroyer was sunk and two were damaged, thus halting the enemy until light bombers and dive bombers could enter the battle.

While on patrol four days later, Capt James A. Moss sighted an Oscar making a suicidal dive at a Liberty Ship. Without concern for his own safety, Capt Moss dove his ship through intense enemy naval anti-aircraft fire and hit the enemy aircraft with close fire, causing it to explode. Ground fire hit Moss' plane and it crashed into the sea where he was killed.

From January through July 1945, the 36th performed patrol missions in areas north and east of Philippines, with some flights over the Central Islands. Deploying bombers were escorted through their sectors by 36th aircraft. Some air support was provided to ground forces. Of course, while on patrol the aircrews strafed and dive-bombed ships, troop concentrations, motor vehicles, railroads and rolling stock, airfields, gun emplacements, bridges and ammunition and fuel dumps located chiefly on Luzon. Occasionally, they would hit targets on other island of the Philippines and on Formosa, Indochina, North Borneo and China.

The 36th moved northward to Ie Shima, Ryukyu Island in August 1945. On August 10th through 12th, the 36th flew against Kyushu, Japan. The strafing and dive-bombing sorties flown against enemy airfields and bridges were the last combat missions flown by the 36th during World War II. Official kill totals as credited by Headquarters Fifth Air Force showed the 36th destroyed 95 enemy aircraft in aerial engagements. With the Peace Treaty signed, the 36th moved to Fukuska, Japan and became the only functioning squadron of the 8th Fighter Group.

THE KOREAN WAR ERA

The 36th converted to P-51s (later designated F-51s) in early 1946. The squadron moved back and forth among many bases in Japan during the next three years. Primary training was centered around squadron assumed Alert commitments for Japan.

On 22 December 1949, the 36th landed its first F-80 at Itazuke. Maj Richard A. McNees, the commanding officer, and three other pilots had flown F-51s to Misawa AB where they exchanged them for the F-80s for the return trip home.

On 25 June 1950, the 36th was alerted for possible combat duty in South Korea due to the invasion of Communist Forces. The next day, the squadron flew protective cover near Kimpo AB, while American personnel were being evacuated by transport aircraft. Three North Korean aircraft were sighted, but US aircraft held their fire. On 28 June 1950, F-80s of the 36th attacked advancing North Korean forces, hitting tanks, trucks, artillery and troops.

On 30 June 1950, the 36th recorded its first enemy aircraft kill of the Korean War as 1Lts John B. Thomas and Edwin T. Johnson narrowly escaped death in his F-80 which was damaged by antiaircraft fire and hit overhead cables following an attack against the marshaling yards near Suwon. The history of the 8th Group described his encounter and resulting predicament as follows:

Both his tip tanks and the ends of each wing had been torn completely off. Each wing had three or four gashes almost all the way through. Most of his canopy and windscreen were gone. The upper half of his rudder and vertical stabilizer had been sliced off, as had half of the left elevator and horizontal stabilizer. At 13,000 feet, with the entire tail section moving back and forth as though it was about to fall off, Lt Johnson bailed out, hitting the right horizontal stabilizer, breaking it free from the plane. He landed near Suwon and was picked up and airlifted back to Itazuke that same afternoon, with one tremendous headache.

On 11 August 1950, the squadron moved to Tsuiki, Kyushu, Japan and converted back to F-51 aircraft. They were considered better than F-80s for useful operations over Korea. Following the success of the United Nations counter-invasion in September 1950, the 36th began a move into Korea. On 5 October 1950, about one-half of the squadron moved by train to Ashiya, Japan and then by transport to Suwon, Korea. On 29 October 1950, the remaining portion of the 36th and its F-51s moved to Kimpo AB, Korea, where the element that had been at Suwon joined them.



36 FBS F-80s

On 24 November 1950, the 36th relocated to Pyongyang (now located in North Korea), following the successful UN offensive. However, as a result of an enemy counter-offensive in December, the 36th moved south to Seoul AB and later to Itazuke, Japan. Once there, the squadron converted back to F-80s.

On 25 June 1951, the anniversary of the North Korean Invasion, the 36th completed its 9,000th sortie of the war and moved back into Kimpo AB and eventually on to Suwon (K-13). Twelve F-80s of the 36th encountered twelve Mig-15s over North Korea on 3 October 1951. Final score for the 36th: two Mig-15s killed, one damaged; Reds - zero!



In a one-day strike on 11 March 1952 against enemy troop and supply concentrations in the Mulgae-Ri area of Korea, the 8th Group flew 254 sorties and delivered 153 tons of bombs, 124 tons of napalm and 46,000 rounds of ammunition, heavily damaging and killing dumps, buildings, troops, anti-aircraft positions and vehicles. Two months later, the group destroyed positions near Pyongyang. On 23 June 1952, the 36th successfully bombed the Suiho hydroelectric plant on the Yalu River and one of the chosen hydroelectric plants in northeast Korea. The raids were highly successful and electric power was cut off for industrial areas of North Korea and Manchuria. On 29 August 1952, the 8th Group flew 166 combat sorties against targets near Pyongyang. By February 1953, the 36th had converted to F-86 aircraft. Their first deep thrust into North Korea was against the Army General Headquarters and radio broadcasting stations at Pyongyang. During June and July, the 36th was tasked with heavy bombing and strafing missions against enemy airfields to prevent any possible reinforcements of air elements during cease-fire negotiations.

Following hostilities, the 36th remained at Suwon AB and conducted training operations. That training was primarily fighter-bomber oriented. On 19 October 1954, the 36th returned to Itazuke, Japan and participated in Fifth Air Force operations and exercises for the next ten years.



36 FBS Operations Building



K-13

SUWON AB



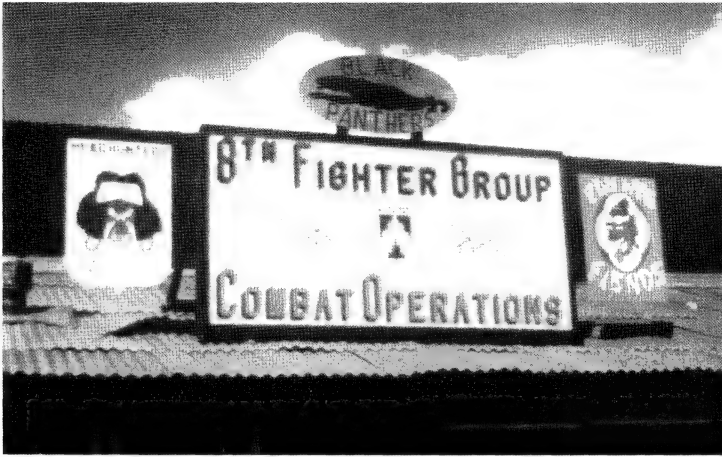
36th FBS F-80s on the ramp at K-13

In 1953, Suwon, South Korea (K-13) was a large base with one very long runway. The taxiways were made of PSP (pierced steel planking) and the aircraft were parked in revetments on the ramp, which was also PSP. The base was shared by the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing on the east side and the 51st Fighter-Interceptor Wing on the west side. Each wing was self-contained, but the base operations building along with the tower were on the 8th FBW side of the base. The two wings controlled their respective combat groups and other individual squadrons that were attached to them. Also assigned to the base was the 319th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron. They flew radar-equipped F-94B night fighters. The 36 Fighter Bomber Squadron was assigned to the 8th Fighter-Bomber Group, which was attached to the 8th FBW. The 8th FBG was still flying the F-80C but was beginning the transition into the F-86 Sabre. As an FNG before being placed in a squadron, the new pilots would be assigned to the Replacement Training Unit (RTU), where they went through orientation training in the "Little Jet School House", as a sign above the door of the RTU building once stated. The course of instruction for these new pilots included a detailed description of the combat areas, radio and navigation procedures relating to the various radar controllers, and several solo and formation flights to familiarize them with the local area. They also got to fire and drop live ordinance on the Suwon gunnery range, which was located west of K-13 on the coast of the Yellow Sea.



8th FBW Headquarters

After orientation training, if you were lucky, you were assigned to the 36th Fighter-Bomber Squadron, known as the "Flying Fiends". The other two squadrons assigned to the 8th FBG were the 35th FBS "Black Panthers" and the 80th FBS "Headhunters". Each squadron was identified by the color of the tail flashes that were on their planes. The 35th FBS had blue flashes, the 36th FBS had red flashes, and the 80th FBS had yellow flashes. The pilots wore baseball caps in their squadron colors, and many of them also had colored scarves with their name and squadron insignia sewn on.



Between each Quonset hut was a small slit trench with a wall of sandbags around it. This was for those nights when a Russian-built biplane dubbed "Bedcheck Charlie" decided to make a visit to K-13. It would sneak in under the radar at very low speed and the guy in the back seat would drop hand grenades or other small incendiary devices onto the base. Usually, it did not do any serious damage, but it did annoy the pilots when they were awakened suddenly in the middle of the night. They quickly ran outside, some carrying their government-issued fifth of Canadian Club, and jumped into the trench.

At the same time, Army anti-aircraft units that surrounded the base would open up with their artillery, firing tracers into the night.

It was a long walk from the Quonset area to the squadron headquarters and operations building. They were located just off the main road, which was parallel to the flight line. The operations building was the place where the pilots spent most of their time, and between missions they would play cards, compete at ping-pong, or just relax and read.

The pilots were also given extra duty assignments, such as runway control officer, tower officer, range officer at the Suwon gunnery range, and aerodrome officer, where they would assist the base operations officer for a day. There was even a squadron mascot, a small black dog that the pilots adopted as one of their own. They named him Figmo.

The 36th FBS was the first squadron in the 8th FBG to transition into the F-86, beginning this changeover on February 22, 1953. All of the pilots with fewer than 50 missions in the F-80C stayed with the squadron to fly the new jets. It was not until early April 1953 when the squadron was considered to be "combat capable" in their new aircraft, and they flew their first operational missions into North Korea. Those first missions were MiG Alley sweeps. After the planes were fitted with their bomb racks, the squadron returned to air-to-ground work.

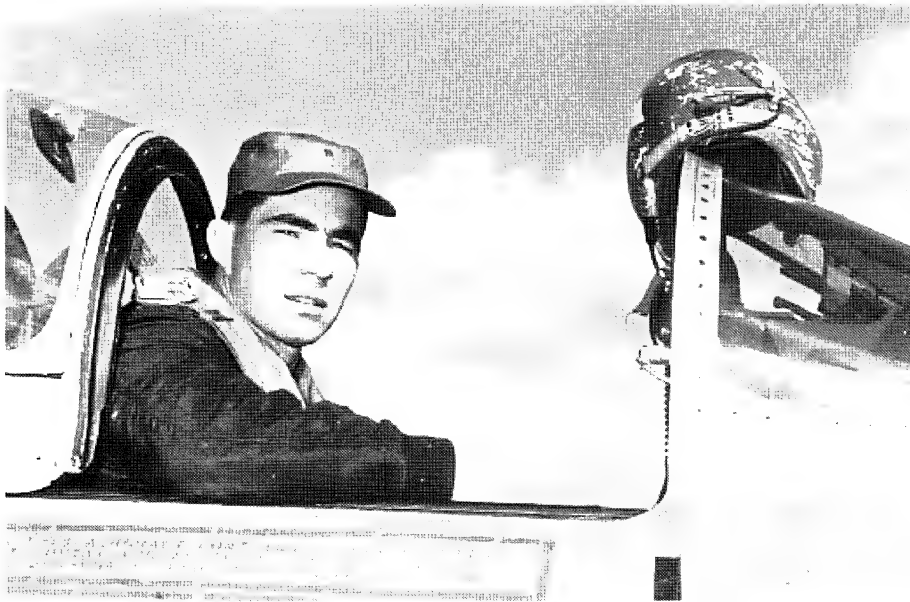
The planes would usually be lined up for a mission on the squadron's PSP ramp, which was located at the southern-most end of the base ramp, and the pilots arrived at the flight line following their briefings at the Ops building. Most of the pilots had personalized their aircraft with names written on the left side of the fuselage, such as "Shimpai-nai", "My Darling Patricia", "Delta Queen II", "Wild Bill", and "Irish's Shillelagh".

When the Chinese army broke through the ROK (Republic of Korea) sector of the front lines on June 15, 1953, Fiend pilots were up in the air before dawn and did not land until long after dark. Missions varied, from bombing various targets in the daytime and strafing trucks that were moving behind the lines at night. The flak at night would be so heavy that the tracers were described as being like a Fourth of July in the late evening. As soon as you start down for the trucks, the Chinese would open up with their anti-aircraft guns from both sides of the valley. It was dangerous work; however, it was also the normal routine of the fighter-bomber pilot. The pilots of the 36th FBS flew a total of 121 sorties that day, setting a record that still stands. Most of the credit went to the crew chiefs and armament personnel for their quick turn-around times in repairing and loading the aircraft with the necessary ordinance for each sortie.

On the morning of June 19, 1953, Fiend 2Lt Jimmy Escalle went on Mission Bromide 21, an armed reconnaissance mission along one of the main supply routes, about thirty miles deep in North Korean territory. The purpose of this mission was to first hit a primary target of personnel and supply shelters, then separate into two elements and proceed on road reconnaissance, seeking out enemy vehicles along this route and destroying them. The commanding officer of the 8th FBW at the time, Col. William E. Elder, was flight leader on this mission. However, Lt. Kermit Keeley, who was briefed to fly the number two position, flew as "Mike Lead" while Col. Elder flew as his wingman. Jim flew as element leader (number three position) and Lt. Jack Senneff was his wingman on this four-ship flight.

Jim was flying an F-86F named "The Georgia Peach", which the crew chief had painted on the right gun door of the fuselage. The plane's serial number was 52-4367 and it was assigned to Lt. Bill Demint, who was the flight commander of Uncle Flight. On many missions, it was routine when one pilot would sometimes take another pilot's assigned plane, and this was one of those times.

The flight took off from K-13 at 10:40 a.m. and headed north to strike their primary target. As soon as they released their 1000-lb bombs on the shelters, they immediately broke up into elements and began road reconnaissance. After flying for about fifteen minutes scanning the roads in the area, Jim, whose call sign was "Mike Three", spotted several camouflaged trucks parked along the side of a road that ran into the main supply route. He called Lt. Senneff (Mike Four) to say that he was going to initiate a pass. Jim went in on a strafing run from north to south and called when he had broken off the target. Lt. Senneff then made his pass from south to north. They made their strafing runs in opposite directions in order to avoid as much anti-aircraft fire as possible. In doing so, they lost visual contact with each other and had to maintain their relative positions to the trucks by radio calls.



2nd Lt Jimmy Escalle, 36 FBS

10,000 ft. and began circling the target area trying to contact him on "Green" channel, which was the channel they were working. He even tried contacting him on "Grey" channel, which was the group's common channel, but with negative results. Jim was officially reported missing at 11:33 a.m.

Lt. Senneff, along with the rest of the flight, continued to circle the target area looking for a parachute or any sign of a crash until their fuel status made it necessary for them to return to base. After refueling their aircraft, they returned to CU 3417, which was the map coordinates of the area where Jim was last seen. This new flight, referred to as Mission 90, made a thorough search of the area and soon spotted the smoking wreckage of an aircraft a few miles south of the target. The location of Jim's plane was identified at coordinates CU 245030, and the entire tail section along with part of a wing were seen, but still no sign of Jim. Although no one saw him go down, the cause of the crash was considered to be enemy anti-aircraft fire, and Second Lieutenant Jimmy L. Escalle was officially listed as Missing in Action. He was twenty-three years old.

When Lt. Senneff pulled off the target, he noticed more trucks in the area and called Jim. In the meantime, Jim had already spotted these trucks and was starting his second pass. He called to say that he was going in again, this time from west to east. Lt. Senneff waited for the call from Jim saying that he was off the target, but no call came. He called Jim but there was no answer, so he began his second pass going from east to west. After pulling off the target, Lt. Senneff called Jim again for his position, but still received no answer. He then climbed back to about



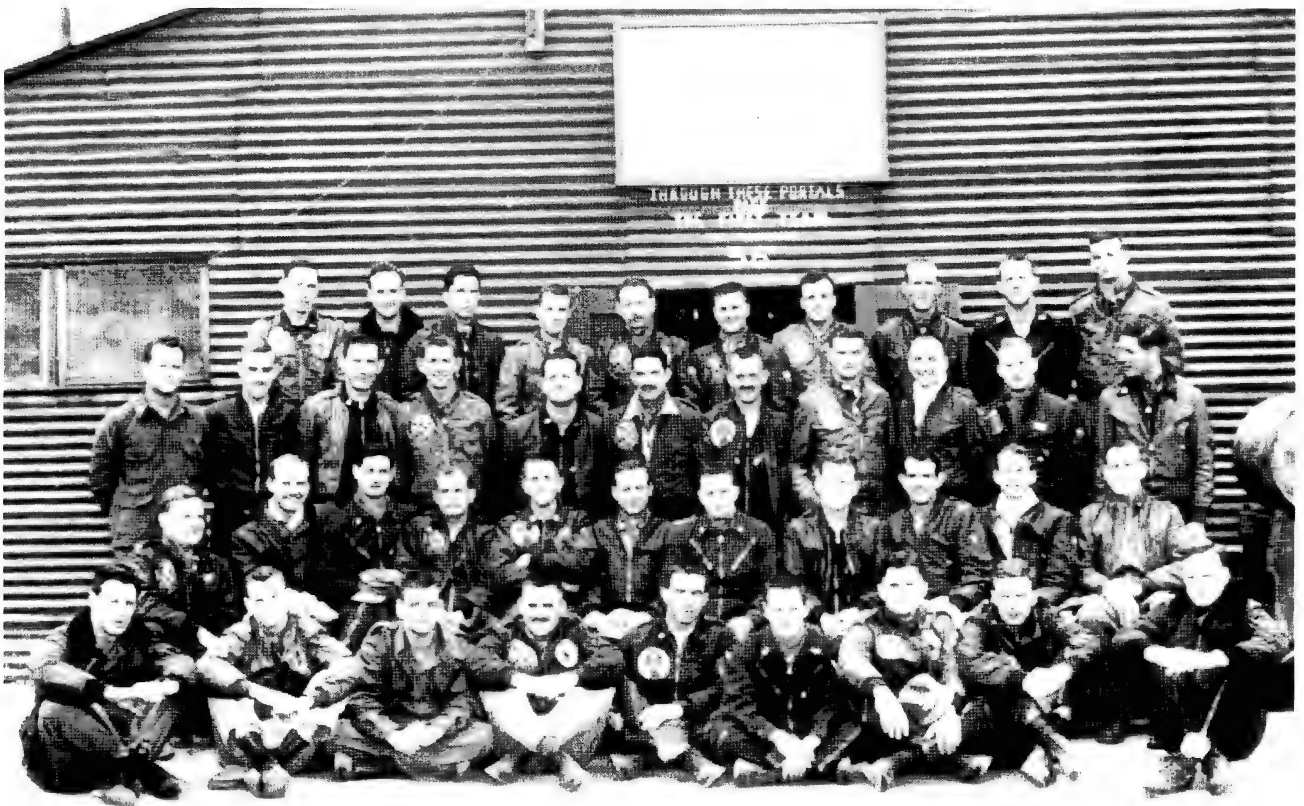
2nd Lt Jimmy Escalle, 36 FBS

During the few months that he spent at K-13 with the 36th FBS, Jim was able to get in over forty combat missions and was awarded an Air Medal for his efforts. He also received the Soldier's Medal for putting his own life in danger when an accident occurred one day on the flight line.

On June 20, 1954, according to the requirements of a law known as the "Missing Persons Act", Jim's MIA status was changed to a presumptive finding of death. This was not considered to be the actual or probable date of his death, but was done for the purpose of terminating his pay and settling his accounts. Three months prior to this date, he was promoted to first lieutenant.



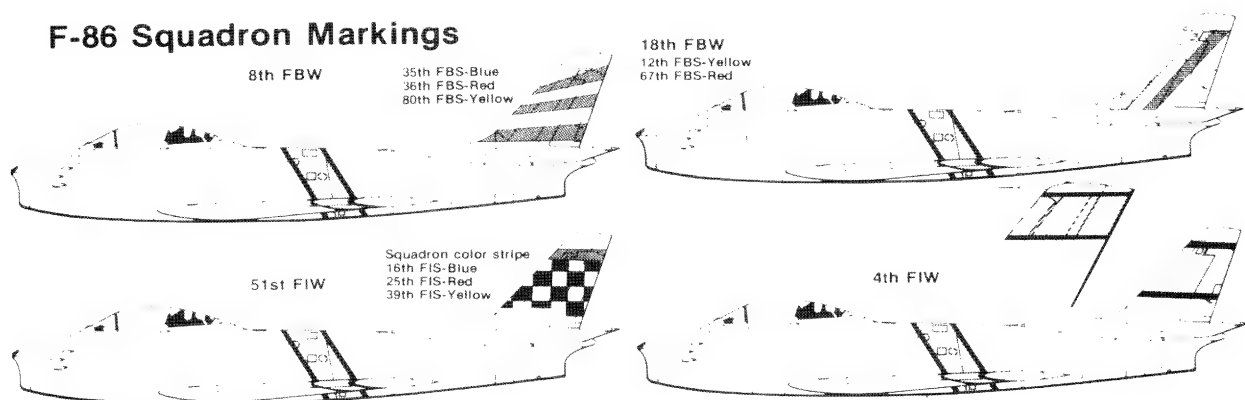
2Lt Escalle & Flight CC, Capt Jack Magee



36th FBS, 1953

4th row: Jack Cook, John Mayers, Bill Sternhagen, Jack Mayo, Jack "Red-Eye" Taylor, Stan Sclaroff, Torr Harmer, Bill LeMaster, Jim O'Connell, Rex Van Camp
3rd row: Capt. (?) King, Kent Dodge, Chuck McCollister, Raoul Mouton, Albert Hamilton, Bob Green, Lloyd Irish, Jim Kennedy, Paul Gushwa, Bill Demint, Flt/Lt. Ian Gordon-Johnson (RAF)
2nd row: Tom Owen, (?) Davis, Maj. Al Boychuck, Capt. Bill Garvey, Capt. Jack Magee, Maj. Cal Owens, Lt. Col. James Gray, Maj. Darvin Trout, Capt. Robert Andrus, Gene Crackel, Capt. Chuck Wilson
1st row: Bob Noel, Herm Grammer, Bill Stacy, Jim James, Jim Escalle, Jack Senneff, Martin Henderson, Charles Cox, Lou Reilly

F-86 Squadron Markings



Pilots of the 36 FBS, 1953



F-80 Shooting Star of the 36 FBS

VIETNAM TIL TODAY

In January of 1957, the 36th began converting to F-100 aircraft. In March of that year, the 8th Fighter Wing flew F-100s to Bangkok, Thailand where it participated in a series of air exercises with other nations. The 36th received numerous excellent reports for their participation in those exercises.

The next jet fighter to join the 36th arsenal was the F-105. That conversion took place during May 1963, when the squadron moved to Yokota AB, Japan. In June the following year, the 36th and the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing were assigned to the 41st Air Division. For two years, the squadron participated in exercises over Korea.

On 6 August as a result of the Gulf of Tonkin Crisis, the 36th deployed to Korat, Thailand by way of Clark AB, Philippines. On alert at Korat Royal Thailand AFB, the 36th flew missions on 14 and 18 August 1964 to escort rescue aircraft and suppress anti-aircraft fire during rescue operations. It was the unit's first action in what would become the Vietnam War. Colonel C.L. Van Etten, USAF (Ret.), then commander of the 6441st Tactical Fighter Wing at Yakota AB, Japan in 1964, to which the 36th TFS reported, wrote the following about the 36th TFS' initial combat deployment to Korat RTAFB:

"The Gulf of Tonkin incident was on 4 August 1964. On 8 August at 0200 hrs., I received a call on my hot line from General Graham, Fifth Air Force Commander in Tokyo. He wanted to know how long it would take to get 18 Thuds ready to deploy to Clark Air Base and then on to Korat Air Base, Thailand. My answer was "tomorrow" - and that I could have 75 ready to fly to the Kremlin - all I needed was tankers. I selected Lt.Colonel Don McCance, commander of the 36th to supply the birds and pilots. We launched on schedule, refueled over Kadena Air Base on a KB-50J, with probe and drogue. Proceeded to Clark AB and flew through typhoon Ida enroute - the wildest ride of my life. We penetrated in elements of two at 26,000 ft and .88 Mach. All ended up at 12,000 ft and 1.01 Mach. One good thing about the Thud, it's built like a TANK".

"Arrived at Korat on 11 August and flew our first combat mission the following day - target in the Plaine Des Jarres - one bird damaged by flak. We continued deploying to Korat and Takhli until permanent squadrons were assigned to these bases.



*Squadron Commander Lt.Col. Don McCance
(center) with
36th TFS Pilots and maintenance men
at Itazuke AB, Japan in 1964.*

In February 1971, with the transfer of the 36th TFS to the 3rd Tactical Fighter Wing, the 36th became the only remaining fighter squadron in the 347th Tactical Fighter Wing. The squadron was divided into two sections; A and B. In March 1971, Section A moved to Kunsan AB, to assume alert duties. Section B moved to an FOL at Osan AB. As the year progressed, each month the squadron's two sections would switch assignments, with an occasional return to Yokota AB. By mid May 1971, the 36th was officially reassigned from Yokota AB to Kunsan AB as a part of the 3rd Tactical Fighter Wing. In July preparations began for moving the 36th to Osan AB. The greatest problems were the installment of runway barriers and briefing Osan AB personnel on coordination of high performance aircraft with normal air traffic in that sector. However, those problems were overcome and the 36th moved to Osan AB on 13 November 1971.



The 36th was deployed TDY to Takhli RTAFB, Thailand twice during 1965. During the first deployment, the 36th flew mostly interdiction and armed reconnaissance missions. Numerous aircraft received battle damage; however, none were lost. During the second deployment, flying the same types of missions, four pilots were lost and listed as missing-in-action. One of those missing was Major Dean A. Pogreba, who was later awarded the Air Force Cross. In May 1966, the F-105s and nearly all of the men of the 36th were reassigned to the 34th Tactical Fighter Squadron, only one airman and the commander remained. Supplies and equipment were assigned to other USAF units at Yokota AB. Thus, the 36th began accumulating technical orders and equipment for F-4C aircraft.

The F-4Cs arrived during December 1967, and personnel and equipment resources began increasing throughout 1968. The 36th continued to support tactical air operations and air sector defense in Japan and Korea for the next three years. In 1971, due to increased commitments, a reduc-

tion in the number of aircraft, and a move to a Forward Operating Location (FOL) at Kunsan AB, Korea (on a rotating basis) the squadron faced a period of extreme hardship. Individuals were confronted with turbulence in their work environment and made large individual sacrifices for the sake of the mission.

In late November 1971, the F-4Cs were housed in hardened arches/shelters, called Wonder Arches by maintenance personnel. The primary mission of the 36th was to maintain a combat ready posture, assume alert requirements and continue aircrew training.

When the 36th returned to Yokota in December of that year, it participated in a huge ceremony. On 7 December 1964, the Japanese Government presented retiring General Curtis E. LeMay, USAF Chief of Staff, Japan's First Order of the Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun. In a flyover that followed, the 36th formed the letters "C E L" in the General's honor.

On 19 August 1972, torrential rains caused all flying operations to cease, and aircraft and aircrews were briefed on plans to evacuate aircraft to Japan in case of flooding. Fortunately, rains subsided and evacuation plans were canceled at the last minute. The 36th, supporting the 314th Air division Operations, was later awarded the ORK Presidential Unit Citation for the aid it rendered the Korean people during the storms.

The 36th TFS changed over from the F-4C to the F-4D aircraft in 1972. In June 1974, the squadron changed to the F-4E model. In late September, the 36th TFS was reassigned to the 51st Composite Wing and moved permanently to Osan AB, Korea. Some of the F-4Ds were previously bedded down in Taegu AB. To maintain that constant state of combat readiness, the 36th participates in a myriad of exercises. They include: Cope Thunder, Cope Jade, Cope Strike, Cope Cat, Cope CAS, Cope Sage, Team Spirit, Foal Eagle, DACT, and the normal ORI/Stan Eval/and UEI visits from higher headquarters.

On 18 August 1976, the Fiends and their F-4Es were placed on alert following the murder of the United Nations Command Guards at Panmunjon, referred to as the Tree Cutting Incident. The next time the Fiends went on alert was in September 1988 to provide prompt response during the 88' Olympic Games in Seoul.





36 TFS Fiends 1977 Squadron Photo



Fiends 1981



Fiends 1984

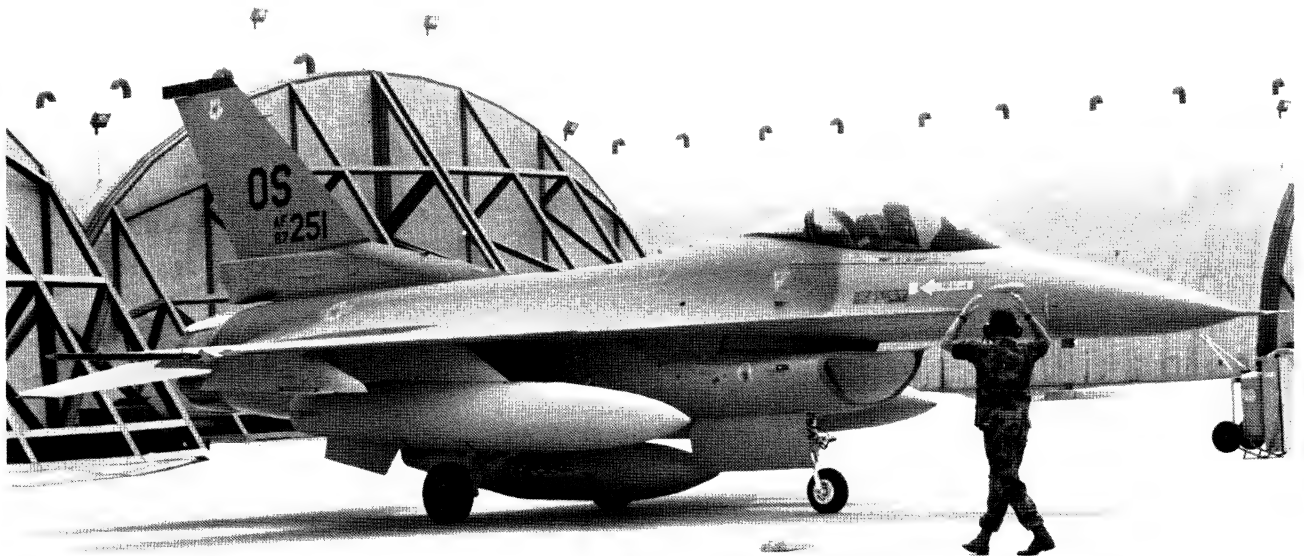


Fiends 2000

THE ERA OF THE F-16

In late 1988, the first F-16C models (blk 30) began to arrive and ushered in a new era in combat capability for the Fiends. The conversion was completed in mid April 1989. Shortly there after Cope Thunder 89-7 took place with the new aircraft.

December 19, 1989 was a black day for the Fiends when tail #7251 landed gear up at Osan. This following an engine flameout due to a trapped fuel situation.



LtCol Al Spitzer lands first F-16C at Osan, Tail 87-0251, 20 August 1988

From mid-January 1990 to late June was filled with numerous exercised and deployments. On 21 July 1990, an F-16 lost its brakes and was unable to steer the aircraft away from a C-130 in the MAC ramp. In November of 1990, the 1st of the navigation pods arrived, and night training starts to pick up.

Throughout late 1991 to December 1992, the Fiends showed remarkable flexibility in mission training and combat capability with the addition of the targeting pod and increased emphasis on CAS. This is a testament of its ability and desire to carry the load and do it right. With the upcoming conversion to the F-16C (blk 40) the pace won't slow down. In fine Fiend fashion, the 36FS will excel as usual.

The Fiends have trained with and employed LGBs, according to Fiend standard, with deadly accuracy. In April 2002 the Fiends will incorporate the JDAM (GPS guided munition) into it's arsenal, thus improving the already impressive precision strike capability of the Fiends.

The history of the 36th FS proves that the unit has been able to rise up and meet any challenge, no matter how great, because it has trained hard and was ready. Today, as a member of the 51st Fighter Wing in the Republic of Korea, the 36th FS continues to meet each and every challenge.



Gear up landing (Tail 87-0251) 19 December 1989



Still has the look

CHRONOLOGY

- 12 Jun 1917 The 36th Aero Squadron was organized and activated at Kelly Field, Texas.
- 23 Aug 1917 The newly formed 36th sailed from New York to Liverpool, England aboard the S.S. Baltic by convoy.
- 16 Sep 1917 Stopped for one day rest at Southampton, England and fifty men were assigned to detached duty with the Royal Flying Corps for training.
- 18 Sep 1917 36th arrived at LeHarvre, France aboard the Queen Marguerite, a channel steamer.
- 20 Sep 1917 36th arrived at Etamps, France and were honored guests of the town at a massive party.
- 24 Sep 1917 Pilots of the 36th were scattered to various French airplane factories for training. One group went to Paris. The commander and his staff established a headquarters at Issoudun, France.
- 19 Feb 1918 Near Lake Cazaux, Le Courneau, France, the 36th established a training school for American pilots, which would continue after their departure. Maintenance and training was performed with Nieuports and hydroplanes.
- 1 Nov 1918 The 36th moved to the air-gunnery school at St. Jean de Monts, France.
- 14 Mar 1919 The 36th demobilized at Garden City, New Jersey.
- 24 Mar 1923 The unit was reconstituted and redesignated the 36th Pursuit Squadron.
- 2 Oct 1930 The 36th Pursuit Squadron was activated at Selfridge Field, Michigan.
- 15 Jun 1932 The 36th was reassigned to the 8th Pursuit (later fighter-bomber) Group (which ultimately became the 8th Fighter-Bomber and then Tactical Fighter Wing), and stationed at Langley Field, Virginia.
- 12 Feb 1934 The 36th began flying mail for the U.S. Government
- 6 Dec 1939 The unit was redesignated the 36th Pursuit Squadron (Fighter).
- 15 Nov 1940 The squadron moved to Mitchell Field, New York.
- 12 Mar 1941 The 36th was redesignated the 36th Pursuit Squadron (Interceptor)
- 8 Dec 1941 The 36th deployed from Mitchell Field and was responsible for air defense of the eastern seaboard around the Stratford, Connecticut area, where they set up a forward base.
- 26 Jan 1942 The 36th moved to San Francisco, California in a preparatory move prior to shipment overseas.
- 12 Feb 1942 The squadron departed on the Mauri from San Francisco to Brisbane, Australia. The trip took three and one-half weeks.
- 26 Apr 1942 An air echelon portion of the 8th Group (including officers and airmen of the 36th) moved to Seven-mile Drome near Port Moresby, New Guinea which was the last allied stronghold north of Australia.
- 30 Apr 1942 The 36th flew its first combat mission of WWII against the Japanese at Salamana, New Guinea (see narrative portion for WWII details).
- 15 May 1942 The squadron was redesignated 36th Fighter Squadron.
- 6 Jan 1944 The 36th moved to Finchhafen, New Guinea and converted to P-38s.
- 23 Jun 1945 The squadron moved to Ishima, Ryukyu Islands and began missions against Japanese forces located on Kyushu. These were the last combat missions for the 36th during the war.
- 22 May 1946 The squadron began hopping back and forth between Ashiya and Itazuke Air Bases, performing dive-bombing and strafing practice and participating in Japan-wide exercises.
- 22 Dec 1949 The 36th received its F-80 aircraft at Itazuke.
- 20 Jan 1950 The squadron was redesignated the 36th Fighter-Bomber Squadron.
- 25 Jun 1950 The 36th was alerted for possible combat due to the invasion of South Korea by North Korean military forces.
- 26 Jun 1950 The 36th flew its first Korean War mission, an air cover mission supporting the evacuation of Kimpo Air Base.
- 30 Jun 1950 The 36th scored its first Korean War kill when 1Lt John B. Thomas and 1Lt Charles A Wurster each destroyed one enemy aircraft in the vicinity of Suwon.
- 11 Aug 1950 The 36th converted to F-51s considered more useful in fighting the North Koreans.
- 5 Oct 1950 The 36th began moving half its assets to Suwon AB, after the successful U.N. counter invasion.
- 29 Oct 1950 The remainder of the 36th Squadron set up operations at Kimpo AB, where the earlier portion joined them from Suwon AB.
- 24 Nov 1950 The 36th moved from Kimpo to Pyongyang, North Korea.
- 25 Jun 1950 The squadron flew its 20,000 sortie of the war. In December 1950, the unit had withdrawn back to Itazuke AB, Japan following the communist offensive, and now in June, the 36th moved back to Korea and set up operations at Kimpo AB.

11 Mar 1952 The 36th participated in the 8th Group's largest sortie day of the war (thus far) flying 254 sorties against the enemy.

12 Mar 1953 The 36th converted to F-86 aircraft.

19 Oct 1954 The 36th moved back to Itazuke, Japan.

13 May 1963 The 36th moved to Yokota AB and converted to F-105 aircraft. In June 1964 the unit was assigned to the 41st Air Division.

6 Aug 1964 The 36th deployed to Korat AFB, Thailand after the Gulf of Tonkin crisis.

6 Mar 1965 The 36th TFS was assigned to Takhli RTAFB, Thailand on temporary duty.

31 May 1966 The men and equipment of the 36th were assigned to the 34th TFS with the exception of the commander and one airman.

20 Feb 1967 Manned with one officer and one airman, the 36th began accumulating technical orders and equipment for acceptance of F-4C aircraft.

18 Dec 1967 The first F-4C aircraft arrived at Kunsan AB Korea, the next home for the 36th.

9 Jan 1968 The unit returned at Yokota after the TDY, but left certain maintenance and support personnel in Korea to work future deployments.

11 Mar 1971 The 36th divided into two sections (A & B) and began alternating deployments to FOL's in Korea. Deployments lasted 15 days.

15 May 1971 The 36th TFS was officially reassigned from Yokota AB to Kunsan AB, and assigned to the 3rd TFW.

13 Nov 1971 The 36th established an FOL at Osan AB.

19 Aug 1972 Osan AB was hit by torrential rains caused by nearing typhoons which resulted in heavy flooding. Evacuation plans were nearly put into effect. For their efforts in supporting the 314th Air Division, the 36th was awarded the ROK Presidential Unit Citation for assistance to the Korean people during the storm.

28 May 1974 ROK army general officers received back seat rides and witnessed close air support from F-4's.

1 Jun 1974 The 36th TFS changed from F-4D to F-4E aircraft.

30 Sep 1974 The 36th TFS was reassigned to the 51st somposite Wing (Tactical) and moved permanently to Osan AB.

14 Jul 1975 F-4Es participated in the Sin Gal Highway Airstrip Landing Exercise, the first of its kind in South Korea during Team Spirit 75. Several highways in South Korea are designed for emergency use as landing strips.

18 Aug 1976 F-4Es were placed on alert following the murder of United Nations Command guards at Panmunjon, referred to as the "Tree Cutting Incident."

1 Jan 1977 The mission of the 36th was primarily air superiority, with air to ground being secondary.

7 Jan 1978 The 36 TFS deployed aircrews without aircraft to Cope Thunder 78-2. The eight aircrew flew 3 TFW aircraft in the first Fiend deployment of this type.

24 Jan 1978 Eight F-15s from the 1 TFW arrive at Osan AB for DACT with the 36 TFS. It is the first operational deployment of the F-15s since their introduction to the USAF.

30 Apr 1984 The 36 TFS participated in exercise "Pitch Black," held in Australia.

25 Oct 1984 An F-4E aircraft of the 36 TFS was lost off the West coast of Korea. Both crew members ejected safely.

28 Feb 1987 An F-4E tail number 551 skidded off the runway at Clark AB and received extensive damage. It was subsequently repaired and returned to the Fiends.

15 Sep 1988 The 36 TFS places F-4Es on alert to provide a prompt response during the 88 Seoul Olympic Games.

7-14 Oct 1988 Osan's runway closes for repairs. The 36 TFS deploys to Kadena.

24-26 Oct 1988 ORE Beverly Midnight 88-6 was conducted.

7 Nov 1988 Valiant Blitz 89-1 involved 36 TFS crews and pilots flying close air support, DACT, and night intercept sorties with US Marine and Navy aircraft plus ROK Navy and Marine surface ships and ground personnel.

21 Dec 1988 First F-16 pilot "checkride" conducted by the 51 TFW Stan/Eval.

14-23 Mar 1989 Team Spirit '89 held.

15 Apr 1989 F-16C/D conversion complete.

2 Jun 1989 36th deployed to Cope Thunder 89-7.

30 Aug 1989 The 36th Tactical Fighter Squadron's hardened operations facility was completed and the squadron occupied its new office and training space, vacating Building 1185.

2 Nov 1989 36th Tactical Fighter Squadron conducted a 101 sortie surge ding.

19 Dec 1989 F-16C #7251 landed gear up on Osan's runway following an engine flameout.

CHRONOLOGY (Continued)

16-36 Jan 1990 Cope Thunder 90-3
1-2 Feb 1990 Cope Tora 90-1
13-22 Mar 1990 Team Spirit '90
20 Apr-7 May Cope Jade 90-2 1990
4-15 Jun 1990 Cope Thunder 90-7
21 Jul 1990 An F-16 with a brake malfunction crashed into a parked C-130 on the MAC ramp.
6-16 Aug 1990 HQ PACAF UEI
13 Aug 1990 An F-16 departs runway due to brake failure.
11-12 Aug 1990 The big flood
2-18 Nov 1990 36 TFS deploys six aircraft to Cope West exercise in Thailand.
5 Nov 1990 Last 10 nav pods arrive at Osan AB
21-26 Nov 1990 36 TFS deploys four aircraft to Kunsan AB for higher HQ tasking.
4 Jun 1991 Cope Tora bombing competition held at Osan AB. 36 TFS team wins the coveted golf trophy.
7-16 Jun 1991 Osan's runway closes and the 36th deploys to Kunsan AB.
17 Jun 1991 Phase I ORI. Wing receives a marginal.
13 Aug-14 Sep Air-to-air deployment to Paya Labar, Singapore for
1991 Commando Sling 91-2.
30 Aug 1991 First targeting pod arrives.
3 Sep 1991 36th becomes the first operational F-16 unit to practice laser targeting.
4-9 Nov 1991 Foal Eagle 91.
19 Nov-9 Dec Cope West 92-1 at Butterworth AB, Malaysia. 1991
1 Apr 1992 DACT with F-15's from Kadena.
3 Aug 1992 16 Vipers deployed to Cope Thunder in Alaska.
1 Sep 1992 ORE Beverly Midnight
17 Sep 1992 Deployed to Kunsan for runway repairs.
2 Nov 1992 Foal Eagle combined Forces exercise.
13 Nov 1992 Six aircraft deployed to Singapore (Commando Sling) and then to Butterworth AB, Malaysia for Cope Bengal 92-3.
21 Jan 1993 Deployed 6 aircraft to Kadena for DACT with the F-15s.
2 Dec 1994 Actor Tom Cruise receives incentive flight. Afterward rewards the squadron with an industrial strength popcorn machine.
9 Mar 1995 14 F-16s deploy to Eielson AFB, AK for Cope Thunder.
24 Aug 1995 The squadron evacuates Osan and flies to Kunsan AB for Tropical Storm Janice.
23 May 1996 Mig-19 Farmer defects into Suwon.
21 Jan 1997 While on a training mission over Pilsung, an F-16 loses its engine. Pilot successfully SFO's into Wonju uneventfully.
29 Apr 1997 Fiends' first Night Vision Goggle sortie, flown with 4949L NVG's.
10 May 1997 HQ PACAF ORI / Fiends receive Excellent.
Feb 1998 D-Flight remodels Quents, installs red/black tile on bar.
25 Mar 1998 Capt Keith 'Sandman' Sands is killed when his F-16 crashes into the Yellow Sea on a training mission in R-80.
29 Jul 1998 Fiends deploy 6 F-16's to Paya Labar Airbase to participate in Commando Sling 98-6.
24 Aug 1998 F-16 tail number 519 loses its engine in the northern part of Pilsung range. Pilot is recovered in the East Sea uninjured.
Feb-Mar 99 Cope Thunder/ Combat Archer to Eielson AFB, AK/ Tyndall AFB, FL
Apr 00 51 FW UCI, Fiends receive an Outstanding
Dec 00 DACT Deployment to Iwakuni MCAS, Japan
Mar 01 Peninsula ORI, Fiends receive an Excellent
13-27 Apr 01 DACT Deployment to Iwakuni MCAS, Japan
5-20 Jul 01 DACT Deployment to Kadena AB, Japan

COMMANDERS

Capt Thorne Duell 1917
1Lt Edward R. Kenneson 1917
1Lt Quentin Roosevelt 1917
1Lt Hamilton Coolidge 1917
1Lt Isabel 1917
1Lt John W. Bailey 1918
1Lt Henry Mayers 1918
1Lt Marion L. Elliot 1930
1Lt Ennis C. Whitehead 1931
1Lt Jack C. Hodgson 1932
Capt Rex Stoner 1932
Capt Marion L. Elliot 1933
Capt Clarence D. Wheeler 1936
Maj Ned Schramm 1937
Capt Frederic H. Smith, Jr. 1941
1Lt Earl B. Young 1941
Capt W.T. Hundell, Jr. 1941
Capt Edward G. Hillery 1941
Maj Joe K. McNay 1941
Maj Robert L. Harrier 1942
Capt Robert C. Smith 1942
Capt Warren R. Danson 1942
Maj Donald J. Cambell 1944
Capt Kenneth G. Ladd 1944
Capt Thomas R. Huff 1944
Maj Allen E. Hill 1944
Maj Harold B. Graham 1945
Capt Andrew J. Alexander 1945
Maj Robert E. Dawson 1948
Capt Milton K. McAuley 1948
Maj Robert M. Fry 1949
Maj Richard A. McNeese 1949
LtCol William J. O'Donnel 1950
LtCol James A. Buckley 1950
LtCol W.H. Bethea 1951
Maj John F. Tulloch Jr. 1951
LtCol Robert A. Tyler 1951
Maj Jack S. Wilson 1952
Maj Robert C. Ruby 1954
Maj Nolan T. Jones 1954
LtCol Leroy V. Grosshuesch 1955
Maj Lonnie W. Hicks Jr. 1958

Maj Peter T. Stewart 1959
LtCol Henry L. Wheelhouse 1959
LtCol Rufas Woody, Jr. 1960
Maj Ray L. Obenshain, Jr. 1961
LtCol Nelson J. MacDonald 1963
Maj Howard F. Hendricks 1965
LtCol Henry Shudinis 1966
LtCol Walter L. Mapes, Jr. 1967
LtCol Edward E. Nowogroski 1968
LtCol Charles J. O'Connel 1970
LtCol Jacob Kratt 1971
LtCol Lloyd O. Reder 1972
LtCol Willis A. Boyd 1972
LtCol John L. Glossbrenner 1972
LtCol William J. McClelland 1973
LtCol Hugh M. Milton III 1973
LtCol Fred M. Cooper 1974
LtCol Joe R. Steen 1974
LtCol Max R. Cameron 1974
LtCol Clarence J. Savelle 1976
LtCol George Thompson 1977
LtCol John R. Maakestead 1978
LtCol Gary P. Barber 1978
LtCol Joseph E. Hurd 1979
LtCol William D. Atkins 1981
LtCol Thomas M. Messett 1983
LtCol James E. Little 1984
LtCol Donald F. Hayes 1985
LtCol Calvin A. Griffin 1986
LtCol William L. Schwetke 1988
LtCol Albert D. Spitzer 1990
LtCol Kevin D. Phillips 1990
LtCol Gary B. Schmidt 1991
LtCol Jeffrey P. Smith 1992
LtCol Edward L. Kasl 1993
LtCol Daryl W. Hausmann 1994
LtCol Robin Rand 1995
LtCol Michael J. Lepper 1997
LtCol James J. Jones 1998
LtCol Scott D. West 1999
LtCol Thomas Webster 2001

ASSIGNMENTS

Unknown	12 Jun-Sep 1917
Third Aviation Instructor Center	Sep 1917
French Aerial Gunnery School	Feb 1918
American Aerial Gunnery School	Nov 1918-Feb 1919
Unknown	Feb-7 Apr 1919
2 nd Bombardment Wing (attached to 1 st Pursuit Group)	2 Oct 1930
8 th Bombardment Group (attached to 1 st Pursuit Group)	1 Apr 1931
18 th Bombardment Group (attached to 1 st Pursuit Group)	30 Jun 1931
8 th Pursuit (later, 8 th Fighter, 8 th Fighter-Bomber) Group (attached to 8 th Fighter-Bomber Wing)	15 Jun 1932
8 th Fighter-Bomber (later 8 th Tactical Fighter) Wing (attached to 4 th Air Division)	1 Feb-30 Sep 1957
41 st Air Division (attached to 2 nd Air Division) (attached to 2 nd Air Division)	1 Oct 1957
6641 st Tactical Fighter Wing (attached to 2 nd Air Division)	13 May-17 Jun 1964
41 st Air Division	18 Jun 1964
247 th Tactical Fighter Wing	9 Aug-5 Oct 1964
3 rd Tactical Fighter Wing	6 Mar-4 May 1965
8 th Tactical Fighter Wing	1 Apr 1965
51 st Composite Wing (Tactical) (later 51 st Tactical Fighter Wing)	26 Aug-28 Oct 1965
51 st Fighter (later, 51 st Operations) Group	15 Nov 1966
	15 Jan 1968
	15 May 1971
	16 Sep 1974
	30 Sep 1974
	1 Oct 1990

AIRCRAFT

P-6 1930-1932
 P-1 1930-1932
 O-2 1930-1932
 P-6 1932-1935
 P-16 1932-1935
 O-27 1932-1935
 P-12 1932-1936
 P-6 1936-1937
 PB-2 1937-1939
 P-36 1939-1940
 YP-37 1939-1940
 A-17 1939-1940
 P-40 1940-1941
 P-39 1941-1943
 P-40 1942-1943
 P-47 1943-1944
 P-38 1944-1946
 P-51 1946-1950
 F-80 1949-1950;1953
 F-86 1953-1956
 F-100 1956-1962
 F-105 1962-1969
 F-4C 1969-1971
 F-4D 1971-1974
 F-4E 1974-1988
 F-16C(30) 1988-1990
 F-16C(42) 1990-1993
 F-16C(40) 1993-

World War I:
 World War II:

Korea:

Vietnam:

STREAMERS

Theater of Operations
 East Indies
 Papua
 Bismarck Archipelago
 New Guinea
 Leyte
 Luzon (with Arrowhead)
 Western Pacific
 Air Offensive, Japan
 China Defensive
 China Offensive
 UN Defensive
 UN Offensive
 CCF Intervention
 First UN Counteroffensive
 CCF Spring Offensive
 UN Summer-Fall Offensive
 Second Korean Winter
 Korea Summer-Fall 1952
 Third Korean Winter
 Korea Summer-Fall 1953
 Vietnam Advisory
 Vietnam Defensive

STATIONS

Camp Kelly, Texas	12 Jun-11 Aug 1917
Etampes, France	19 Sep 1917
Issoudun, France	24 Sep 1917
Cazaux, France	21 Feb 1918
St. Jean-de-Monts, France	5 Nov 1918
St. Nazaire, France	16 Feb-14 Mar 1919
Garden City, New York	25 Mar-7 Apr 1919.
Selfridge Field, Michigan	2 Oct 1930
Langley Field, Virginia	13 Jun 1932
Mitchel Field, New York	15 Nov 1940-26 Jan 1942
Brisbane, Australia	6 Mar 1942
Lowood, Australia	13 Mar 1943
Townsville, Australia	30 Jun 1942
Port Moresby, New Guinea	26 Apr 1942
Townsville, Australia	30 Jun 1942
Milne Bay, New Guinea	18 Sep 1942
Mareeba, Australia	22 Feb 1943
Port Moresby, New Guinea	22 May 1943
Nadzab, New Guinea	22 Dec 1943
Finschhafen, New Guinea	9 Jan 1944
Nadzab, New Guinea	14 Mar 1944
Owi, Schouten Islands	17 Jun 1944
Morotai	19 Sep 1944
Dulag, Leyte	5 Nov 1944
San Jose, Mindoro	20 Dec 1944
Ie Shima	6 Aug 1945
Fukuoka, Japan	24 Nov 1945
Ashiya, Japan	22 May 1946
Itazuke, Japan	6 Sep 1946
Ashiya Air Base, Japan	14 Apr 1947
Itazuke Air Base, Japan	25 Mar 1949
Tsuiiki Air Base, Japan	11 Aug 1950
Suwon Air Base, Republic of Korea	5 Oct 1950
Kimpo Air Base, Republic of Korea	29 Oct 1950
Pyongyang Air Base, North Korea	25 Nov 1950
Seoul Air Base, Republic of Korea	3 Dec 1950
Itazuke Air Base, Japan	10 Dec 1950
Kimpo Air Base, Republic of Korea	25 Jun 1951
Suwon Air Base, Republic of Korea	c. 26 Aug 1951
Itazuke Air Base, Japan	19 Oct 1954
Yakota Air Base, Japan	13 May 1964
(deployed at Korat Royal Thai Air Force Base, Thailand)	9 Aug-5 Oct 1964
(deployed at Takhli Royal Thai Air Force Base, Thailand)	6 Mar-4 May 1965
(deployed at Takhli Royal Thai Air Force Base, Thailand)	26 Aug-28 Oct 1965
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	1 Oct-24 Nov 1968
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	18 Feb-24 Mar 1969
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	27 May-1 Jul 1969
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	9 Sep-18 Oct 1969
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	27 Dec 1969-31 Jan 1970
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	10 Apr-9 May 1970
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	20 Jun-11 Jul 1970
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	4 Sep-2 Oct 1970
(deployed at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea)	27 Nov-26 Dec 1970
Kunsan Air Base, Republic of Korea	15 May 1971
Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea	13 Nov 1971

LINEAGE

Organized 36 th Aero Squadron	12 Jun 1917
Demobilized	7 Apr 1919
Reconstituted	24 Mar 1923
Redesignated 36 th Pursuit Squadron	24 Mar 1923
Activated	2 Oct 1930
Redesignated 36 th Pursuit Squadron (Fighter)	6 Dec 1939
Redesignated 36 th Pursuit Squadron (Interceptor)	12 Mar 1941
Redesignated 36 th Fighter Squadron	15 May 1942
Redesignated 36 th Fighter Squadron, Two Engine	19 Feb 1944
Redesignated 36 th Fighter Squadron, Single Engine	1 Apr 1946
Redesignated 36 th Fighter Squadron, Jet	1 Jan 1950
Redesignated 36 th Fighter-Bomber Squadron	20 Jan 1950
Redesignated 36 th Tactical Fighter Squadron	1 Jul 1958
Redesignated 36 th Fighter Squadron	7 Feb 1992

AWARDS

Distinguished Unit Citation (Papua)	1942-1943
Distinguished Unit Citation (New Britain)	1943
Distinguished Unit Citation (Philippine Islands)	1944
Distinguished Unit Citation (Korea)	1950
Distinguished Unit Citation (Vietnam)	1965
Outstanding Unit Award	1964
USAF Outstanding Unit Award	1971
USAF Outstanding Unit Award	1974
Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation	1951
Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation	1951
Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation	1953
Philippine Presidential Unit Citation	1945
Arrowhead- Luzon, 15 December	1944
Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation	1952
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	12 May 1963-21 May 1964
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	1 Mar-30 Jun 1965
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	15 Apr 1969-15 Apr 1971
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	1 Jul 1972-31 Dec 1973
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	30 Sep 1974-31 Mar 1976
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	1 Apr 1983-20 Apr 1984
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	1 May 1984-30 Apr 1985
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	1 Jul 1985-30 Jun 1987
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	1 Oct 1992-30 Sep 1994
Air Force Outstanding Unit Award	1 Nov 1995-31 May 1997
Philippine Presidential Unit Citation	
Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation	27 Jun 1950-31 Jan 1951
Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation	1 Feb 1951-31 Mar 1953
Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation	19-20 Aug 1972
Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Palm	1 Apr 1966-14 May 1971

THE FIEND SONGBOOK

This book is our thoughts, our songs and our games. Lesser individuals who have never strapped their asses to a piece of flaming metal will consider these of little or no redeeming social value. Because of this, the songs contained in this book are held as sacred by those of us that have. Those people do not know, nor will ever know what it means to be a fighter pilot. This book is not for them...it is for us!

THE FIGHTER PILOT'S HANDBOOK is a collection of over 75 years of tradition. A tradition that will never die as long as enemy aggression challenges for supremacy of the skies and free men rise to defeat them. "Anything else is rubbish!"

"As we stand near the ringing rafters
The walls around us are bare
As we echo our peals of laughter
It seems as though the dead are still there.
So stand by your glasses ready.
Let not tear fill your eye.
Here's to the dead already
And Hurrah for the next to die!"

*For those gone, for those now, and for those to come, this book is our spirit and blood. If you 're a Fighter Pilot, it's yours ...if not, **"BEAT IT, YA FUCK!"***



WHAT IS A FIGHTER PILOT

A fighter jock is quite a phenomenon. He likes flying (single seaters) and especially gunnery, aerobatics, and cross-countries. He has a strange fascination for flying boots, gambling, cigars (the bigger the better), and breaking glasses. He can usually be found in sports cars, at parties, or happy hour. His natural habitat (when on the ground) is the land of the bearded clam, Europe, and/or certain parts of the orient. He has an affinity for women and booze (especially martinis so dry the bartender just faces Italy and salutes). He likes Steve Canyon, to read Snoopy, eat steaks, and tell dirty jokes. His favorite hiding place is in dark cool bars or behind a pair of dark glasses. He is capricious. To amuse himself he may fire practice flares from the mobile control unit, throw empty beer cans down the BOQ corridors, pour drinks down an overexposing décolleté, or become generally obnoxious. His favorite conversation revolves about a continuous chatter concerning flying, booze, or females (the order of priority is apparently irrelevant).

He has an aversion for survival training, bomber pilots (or most other pilots for that matter), mobile control, AO duty, or extended alerts. He tolerates ankle biters and house apes (other than his own), and has an overwhelming hatred of bingo. Whenever possible, he avoids weather, icy runways, lost comm, flameouts, and ejection. Water makes him sick (unless frozen and surrounded by scotch), and would rather face a firing squad than be caught pushing a baby buggy or carrying an umbrella. At the mention of matrimony, he becomes a catatonic schizophrenic and has a mysterious distaste toward a wedding band.

A fighter pilot is a composite. He has the nerves of a robot, the audacity of Dennis the Menace, the lungs of a platoon sergeant, the vitality of an atomic bomb, the imagination of a science fiction writer, glib as a diplomat, impervious to suggestion, and is a paragon of wisdom with a wealth of unassorted, completely unrelated and irrelevant facts. He wears the biggest watch, has the shortest staying power, and is always trying to get laid on credit. When he tries to make an impression, either his brain turns to mud or he becomes a savage, sadistic jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

Who else can cram into one flying suit: check lists, maps, Zues openers, check lists, a dime novel, knives, guns, flares, snares, nylon cording, a handkerchief, assorted inhalers, aspirin, cigarettes, a flashlight, check lists, pencils, pens, gloves, a deck of cards, coded telephone numbers, a wallet, keys, his horoscope, a talisman, a St. Christopher medallion, check lists—and a chunk of unknown substance.

At home with his wife he is docile, sweet, tender, loving, amiable—just a helluva nice guy to have around the house—straight arrow all the way, except when they're fighting—then he becomes a beast who is tyrannical, suspicious, diabolical, and a masochistic sex fiend who just ain't got no couth (those symptoms may also appear after beer call).

As a father he is tough but oh so gentle, kind, just, protective, far sighted, ambitious, and really proud of that young fighter pilot (he'll never admit it, and it's never displayed in public, but that goes for the little girl as well).

In the air, he is calculating and confident. His voice is gruff and steely cool (an acquired characteristic regardless of how he feels), pierces the garbled waves, barking tense commands. On the hunt he becomes part monster scanning with eyes of a falcon, he has the reactions of a cat, the instincts of a barracuda, the cunning of a fox—and the ability to rotate his head 360 degrees on all axis. When approaching the target, mind and metal fuse, spawning a killer child. Destruction is as sure and precise as Euclidean geometry. Steel and fire split the icy atmosphere—swift and merciless, he revels in his private moment of truth.

After the mission he is tired, thirsty, dirty, and bedraggled. He walks with his legs crossed to the nearest latrine (or empties out his g-suit). Hair matted with helmet rat snarls and mask scars etched in his red raw face, he knows he has bid and beaten the grim reaper. And then with the oily odor of JP-8 clinging to a salt encrusted zipper-ripper, he'll unleash that shiny eyed smile that says "Let's press to the O'Club and inhale a few frosty ones"—where upon he miraculously regenerates into a critical mass with a flurry of "hairy deeds".

A fighter jock is a magi, a master impostor, Houdini with the top of his blouse unbuttoned. Sometimes he's old, sometimes young. Immature, yet sage. He is instant fear and lasting bravery. The original metamorphosis. Hovers between play and business, and can make your date vanish before your eyes. He is present, past and future all rolled into one. But most of all he's got wings—with a throttle in his left hand and a stick in his right—shackled to a multi-million dollar blow torch and always ready to get the maximum out of every minute of every hour of every day.

Ford Smartt

FIGHTER PILOT GAMES

DOLLAR BILL GAME

A game of chance played with the serial numbers of any bill denomination (Kimchi money is legal as is Saudi Hunyakars). Promotes the consumption of stimulating beverages in a contest to see who buys his buddies a round. The holder of the hammer draws a bill from his wallet. He then asks the smackwad on his left or right to choose the first two or last two numbers of the series. He then asks the smackwad on his right or left to guess between 0-99. He will then state whether that number was high or low. This is continued around until some fool guesses the number and buys his friends a round. If play continues around to the hammer, he MUST take the next closest number by one. Nobody ever loses in a big enough game. REMEMBER, A FIGHTER PILOT ALWAYS PLAYS, WHETHER HE'S THIRSTY OR NOT!

COMBAT RULES

1. Combat rules must be declared prior to the start of hostilities. Violations to combat rules are additive. Play will continue to a logical conclusion.
2. First two or last two will be decided before the bill is pulled out.
3. The hammer has one look at the bill and places it face down on the table!
4. The hammer responds high or low only once for each guess. If he forgets - HE BUYS!
5. If anyone asks what the bracket is - HE BUYS AND PLAY CONTINUES.
6. Anyone who guesses outside the bracket - BUYS!
7. The hammer may adopt a strategy of questionable integrity (i.e., lie)!
8. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge. If the hammer is out of parameters (i.e., caught lying), the hammer buys, presents the bill to the challenger and retains the hammer for the next round. If the kill is validated, the loser buys double.

OUIJONGBU

DESCRIPTION: A game of chance played with five (5) dice

FRIENDLY GAME

1. The highest total score at the end of the game buys his friends a round!
2. Three's count as zero (three's are free) and should be pulled.
3. Roll all five dice on the first roll.
4. On each roll, one die is rolled over and that point showing is the point for that roll.
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again, a die is rolled over and that point is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat until all dice have become points. Total your score and pass the cup.
8. Remember because three's are free, they should be pulled prior to turning the point die over. But, if your last die is a three, you must roll it over and accept a four point.

COMBAT RULES

1. Combat rules must be declared prior to the start of hostilities. Play will continue to a logical conclusion after a combat rules violation. These violations are additive and do not release the player from the standard objective.
2. Each player must preflight his ordinance. If he rolls four instead of five dice - HE BUYS!
3. Insulting the dice - If the value of the dice you select as the point dice is already showing on another die, and you go ahead and roll over the die instead of just pulling the other die-you buy. If you continue to play after you cannot lose (i.e., you can roll and still not get higher than a previously established point) - YOU BUY!
4. Stacking the dice - YOU BUY!
5. Rolling the dice off the playing field - YOU BUY!
6. Asking what the point is - YOU BUY!
7. Whining or general buffoonery - BUY, THEN EXCUSE YOUR MISERABLE ASS FROM THE GAME!

NORDO COMBAT RULES

1. Respond by visual signals IAW 60-15.
2. Hammer gives thumbs up for high, thumbs down for low.
3. Loser is designated by hammer with index finger to nose (shack).
4. Any noise/conversation buys a round.
5. Challenges are vocal.

21 ACES

A game of chance played with 5 dice and a cup. The player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all five dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all five dice again until he does not roll any aces. He then passes the cup to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all five dice until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each ace until you have one die to roll for the 21st ace.

COMBAT ROE

1. Combat ROE must be established prior to the start of hostilities. Combat ROE violations are additive. Play will continue to a logical conclusion.
2. All players must preflight their ordnance. If you roll the wrong number of dice - YOU BUY!
3. If you ask how many aces are left - YOU BUY!
4. If you roll past the 21st ace - YOU BUY!

MAJORCA 21 ACES

The game is played the same as above (Friendly game or Combat Rules) except the player who rolls the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player who rolls the 14th ace pays for the drink. The player who rolls the 21st ace - DRINKS IT AND THEN BUYS THE ROUND!

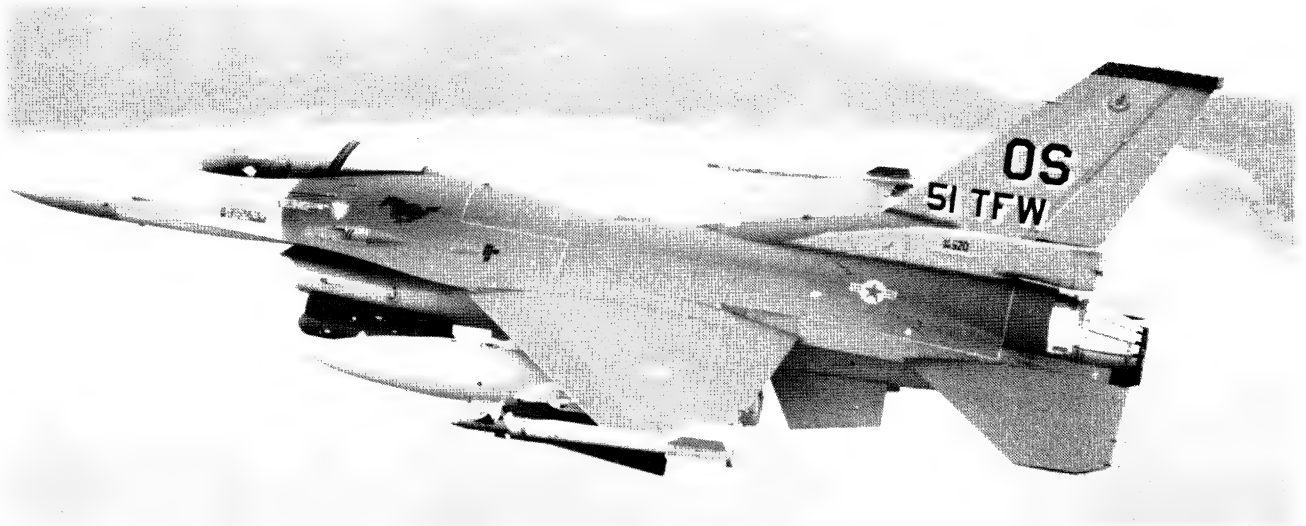
BOWLING FOR BEER

(AKA - Rolling and Controlling)

1. A beer framee is a frame in which the lowest score on that frame will buy a round. When a beer framee comes due, it will be purchased and delivered to the team without delay-this is what makes Bowling for Beers so special.
2. All beer framees will be marked by a star by the bowler's name and numbered in order. A circle around the star will indicate payment. The guilty bastard must have a circle around all his stars before he may bowl again.
3. Normally the 2nd and 7th frames will be designated as beer framee.
4. Any sub-100 games will result in a beer framee for the guilty bastard.
5. Any first ball that is a gutter ball will result in a beer framee.
6. Any non-mark framee in an all mark framee (regardless of strike/spare combination) will result in a beer framee.
7. Any all mark framee will result in the next frame being a beer framee.
8. Delay of game, whining or a uniform change during the game will result in a beer framee.

ROE

1. There is a three foot bubble around the bowler once he arms himself. ANY physical violation of this three foot bubble will result in a beer framee for the guilty bastard.
2. If a player drops the gate on a bowler and that ball hits the gate, it will be a beer framee for the guilty bastard that dropped the gate.
3. All deliveries of the Mark 3 Mod-00 bowling ball will be restricted to manual only (i.e., no lofting).
4. Any complaints incurred as a direct result of bowling for beer will be farted off-unless received by an O-6 or above. In that case, it will turned over to the Squadron Apology Officer to fart off - (Ref the Blanket Apology letter).



FOUR FIVE SIX

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks and doing great financial harm to your buddies. The player with the hammer establishes the pot (money). Each player in turn can bet (cover) part or all of the pot. After the entire pot is covered or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point by rolling the dice. He then bets his point individually against each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled.

The following simple rules apply:

- 4, 5, 6 is an automatic winner!
- 1, 2, 3 is an automatic loser!
- 6 point for the challenger is a winner.
- 1 point for the challenger is an automatic loser!
- Trips are an automatic winner.
- A tie is a push with no money exchanged.

The following rules apply to the pot:

Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4, 5, 6.

The hammer can pull the entire pot, but then must pass the dice to the next player.

The following ROE apply to the sequence of passing the hammer:

- When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last better.
- If someone rolls a 4, 5, 6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round.
- If two or more 4, 5, 6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer.

FACE DRINKING

WRM required: One large bowl, enough grog to fill the bowl, one precision chronometer, and one unbiased judge.

COMBAT TEAM FACE DRINKING

You can field as many teams as you wish, but the line up must be completed prior to the first face drink. LIMIT: 4 players per team. At "Fight's On" one must quaff one's head into the grog so that the grog runs line abreast with one's ears! While one's head is under, one must partake of the grog. The judge will verify. Time starts after "Fight's On" and the ears become line abreast in the grog. When the ears break plane coming back up the time stops. The team that has the longest cumulative time wins. NOTE: Going under and coming back up with a smoking implement (cigar/cigarette) is a bonus of 10 seconds. Going under with a smoking implement and coming back up without it is a penalty of 10 seconds. Going under without a smoking implement and coming back up with one is a bonus of 20 seconds.

CASUAL FACE DRINKING

Generally a social affair in which Fighter Pilots partake of the bowl as they wish and consume as little or as much as they wish. However, going under less than line abreast with the ears is considered rude and impolite.

BLOW PONG

A game of extreme skill using a ping-pong ball, a flat table and several players. The object is to blow the object ball through one of your opponents goals while at the same time striving to prevent your own goal from being violated by the other players. If the ball passes through your goal - pound your drink. The referee has strict control of the game and must be constantly alert for infractions of the ROE. Any infraction of the ROE will require that guilty bastard to pound his drink.

1. These ROE are not required to be briefed by the Referee. He may do so if he wishes.
2. If you touch the ball with any part of your body, or have any part of your body over the table during play - DRINK!
3. The stoop losing the heat has the hammer. As soon as he puts his refilled glass back into position on the table, the Referee will place the ball in play. Any other player not ready - unlucky!
4. If you point to anybody or any thing with anything but your bent elbow - DRINK!
5. If you lose the heat, you are responsible for the ball. If somebody else steps on and or disables the object ball - YOU WILL BOTH DRINK AND THEN GO GET A NEW BALL!
6. Whining and or delay of game - DRINK!
7. If the Referee says so - DRINK!
8. On a combat elimination round, if your goal is violated - DRINK AND LEAVE THE GAME. The referee will reposition the remaining goals and the game will continue until there is only the champion left.

STANDARD FALCON CODES

101 YGBSM (YOU'VE GOTTA BE SHITTING ME)
102 GET OFF MY FUCKING BACK
103 BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF ME
104 WTFO? (WHAT THE FUCK OVER)
105 THATS SO FUCKING BAD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
106 IHTFP (I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE/ROJECT)
107 THIS PLACE/PROJECT FUCKING SUCKS
108 FUCK YOU VERY MUCH
109 BEAUTIFUL, JUST FUCKING BEAUTIFUL
110 THAT FUCKING O'CLUB
111 HERE COMES ANOTHER SCHEDULING BRAINSTORM
112 BFD (BIG FUCKING DEAL)
113 LET ME TALK TO THAT SOB
114 GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER
115 YOU BET YOUR SWEET ASS
116 FUCK IT
117 FUCK YOU
118 I LOVE THIS SO FUCKING MUCH, I COULD JUST SHIT
119 WETSU (WE EAT THIS SHIT UP)
120 IF ITS SUCH A GOOD FUCKING DEAL, SEND A FUCKING COLONEL
121 FUCKING SCHEDULERS
122 IF THE BOSS SAW THIS, HE'D SHIT
123 SHIT HOT
124 FUUUUUCKKKKK
125 YOU MUST HAVE SHIT FOR BRAINS
126 JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY LEAD, WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE
127 ADIOS, MOTHERFUCKER(S)
128 IF YOU ASK FOR A LOW PASS ONE MORE TIME, YOU WON'T GET LAUNCHED FOR A WEEK
129 BECAUSE YOU MAY NOT HAVE ANY FUEL LEFT, YOU FUCK HEAD
130 OH FUCKING WELL
131 THAT'S A NO-NO
132 YEAH, FUCK
133 HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF THIS CHICKEN SHIT OUTFIT
134 GREAT IDEA, BOSS, JUST GREAT
135 YARC (YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, COMMANDER)
136 THOSE FUCKING SAC PUKES
137 YOU GOTTA BE THE MOST FUCKED UPPEST PLUMBER I'VE EVER SEEN
138 FIGMO
139 A BEER FOR ME AND A PLATE OF FLIES FOR MY TOAD
140 MY FUCKING BLADDER HURTS
141 I HAVE A PROSTRATE OVERPRESSURE LIGHT
142 WHILE YOU WERE GONE, THE WHOLE WORLD TURNED TO SHIT
143 FUCK YOU
143a AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON
143b AND THE COLONEL WHO SENT YOU!
144 YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE FUCKING STAFF, BUT THE STAFF LIKES FUCKING YOU
145 GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR ASS
146 IF YOU SAY "I DON'T KNOW" ONE MORE TIME, I'LL CRAM THIS BDU UP YOUR ASS
147 WOULD YOU LIKE A KICK IN THE ASS TO HELP YOU GET AIRBORNE
148 WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO GET A CLEARANCE OUT OF THIS FUCKING PLACE
149 JUST FLY THE BUS AND SHUT THE FUCK UP
150 YOU ARE SO FUCKING STUPID, YOU ARE A MENACE TO SOCIETY
151 THIS BASTARD HAS MORE DROWNING GRIPEs THAN THE USS ARIZONA
152 COMMENTS AND RECOMMENDATIONS MY ASS

153 DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS, ASSHOLE. DO I LOOK LIKE A FUCKING ENCYCLOPEDIA
154 YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THAT FUCKING FRAG
155 EXCUSE ME, SIR, YOU OBVIOUSLY CONFUSED ME WITH SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
156 OH GREAT, HERE COMES ANOTHER FUCKING COLONEL
157 HANG IT IN YOUR FUCKING EAR
158 THAT G.D.S.O.B.
159 I'M HIT, BUT I'M ROLLING IN ANYWAY
160 IF THE BOSS DOESN'T SHUT UP, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE A SHIT
161 YOU PISS ME OFF
162 IT'S THE DO'S FAULT
163 FUCKING GRUNTS
164 YOUR OLD LADY WEARS COMBAT BOOTS
165 IF I CALLED FOR SHIT, YOU WOULD COME SLIDING IN ON A SHOVEL
166 COOL IT, THE PADRE IS HERE
167 HE'S SO LIGHT, HE'S A MENACE TO AVIATION
168 HE HASN'T HAD HIS LOBOTOMY YET
169 GET FUCKED—STRONG MESSAGE TO FOLLOW
170 BUNTARI
171 NICE HOOTERS
172 I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT I'M DAMN GLAD TO BE HERE
172a GRATEFULL FOR THE TRAINING
172b AND PROUD TO SERVE
173 I'D RATHER DIE THAN LOOK THAT BAD
174 IF YOU HAVE PROBLEMS WITH THAT, DIAL 7211
175 SHOTGUN - MOTHERFUCKER!
176 HEY, YOU CAN TRUST ME
176a I'M YOUR FIEND BUDDIE
177 YOUR ASS HURTS
178 MY ASS HURTS
179 HOW ABOUT A QUICK SONG
179a OK THEN, HOW ABOUT A CLEAN SONG
180 BECAUSE THE FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT IS BROKEN THATS WHY
181 NO, I DON'T WANT TO DO ONE MORE FUCKING PASS
182 NO, DOROTHY, I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN KANSAS ANYMORE
192 LET ME GUESS, YOU CANCELLED MY FUCKING MISSION AGAIN
193 YOU WANT TO DO WHAT?
194 NO, AND FUCK YOU ANYWAY



AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame, or go down in flames,
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.

Minds of men-fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,
How they lived, God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar!
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.

Here's a toast, to the host,
Of those who love the vastness of the sky.
To a friend, we send,
The message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast, to the host, of men we boast,
The U. S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the blue!
Flying men, guarding our nation's borders,
We'll be there, followed by more!
In echelon, we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the U. S. Air Force!

AIR FORCE SONG (CONT)

Off we go, on a one-hour test hop,
Over the land, not over the sea.
And for this feat, we get a ten day furlough,
A raise in pay, a DFC.
We're heroes all, if you can tell by the medals,
We get a lot, and more as we go.
We're out, to kill, ourselves, we will!
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.
(From getting a medal)
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.
(Those raving assholes)
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.

THE MOUSE

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor,
And the bar was closed for the night.
When out of his hole came a little brown mouse,
And sat in the pale moonlight.
He lapped up the liquor off the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat.
And all night long, you could hear him roar,
"BRING ON THE GODDAMNED CAT!"

HIC! CAT!

HIC! CAT!

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
So up went the window, and out went her ass!

CHORUS

It was brown, brown shit all around,
It was brown, brown shit all around,
It was brown, brown shit all around,
The whole world was covered with Shit, Shit, Shit!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye!
(CHORUS)

He looked to the east and he looked to the west,
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the chest.
He looked to the north and he looked to the south,
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the mouth.
(CHORUS)

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
Beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "Blinded by Shit."
(CHORUS)

MARY JOE KAPECKNE

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe, Mary Joe Kapeckne.
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a thousand crabs abounding from your pussy.
You're the ugliest fuckin' bitch I've ever seen.

There's a pound of lint protruding from your navel.
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle.
So please make one now and shove it up your ass.



THE AIR FORCE LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men
Who ruled the fighting sky,
With hearts that laughed at death,
who lived for nothing but to fly.
But now those hearts are grounded,
And those days are long gone by,
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

CHORUS

Glory flying regulations,
Have them read at every station,
Crucify the man who breaks them,
The Air Force has gone to Hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb,
A hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion
Set to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only a memory;
It only lives in song.
The Air Force has gone to Hell!
(CHORUS)

I have seen them in their Tunderbolts,
Their eyes were dancing flame,
I have seen their screaming power dives,
That blasted Georing's name.
But now they fly like sissies
And they hang their heads in shame,
Their spirit's shot to Hell!
(CHORUS)

They flew their rugged Mustangs
Through a living hell of flak,
And bloody dying pilots
Gave their lives to bring them back.
But now they all play ping pong
In the Operations shack,
Their technique's gone to Hell!
(CHORUS)

The lordly Flying Fortress
And the Liberator too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany,
With contrails in the blue.
But now the skies are empty
And our planes are wet with dew,
And we can't fly for Hell!
(CHORUS)

BALLS OF O'LEARY

(Tune: The Bells of St. Mary's)

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're shapely, and stately,
Like the dome of St. Paul.

The women all muster,
To see that great cluster,
They stand and they stare,
At the bloody great pair, of O'Leary's
balls.

You heard your pounding 50s
Ablaze from wings of polished steal,
The purring of your Merlin
Was a song your hear could feel.
But now the L-5 charms you
With its moaning, groaning squeal,
And it won't climb for Hell!
(CHORUS)

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up
To where the air is thin,
Have you stuck the long nose downward,
Just to hear the screaming din.
Have you tried to do it lately,
Better not—you'll auger in,
And then you'll sure catch Hell!
(CHORUS)

Hap Arnold built a fighting team
That sang a fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder
In the days when men were strong.
But now we're closely supervised
For fear we may do wrong,
The Air Force's gone to Hell!
(CHORUS)

One day I buzzed an airfield
With another happy chap,
We flew a tight formation
With his wingtip in my lap.
But there's a new directive
And we'll have no more of that,
Or you will burn in Hell!
(CHORUS)

But smile a while my pilots
Though your eyes may still be wet,
Someday we'll meet in heaven
Where the rules have not been set.
And God will show us how to buzz
And roll and really let—
The Air Force fly like Hell!

Glory, no more regulations,
Rip them down at every station.
Ground the guy that tries to make one,
And let us fly like Hell!



GANG BANG

KNOCK, KNOCK, *Who 's there?*
ANITA! *Anita who?*

I need a Gang-Bang, I always will,
Because a Gang-Bang gives me such a
thrill!
When I was younger, and in my prime
I used to Gang-Bang all the time. (pause)
But now I'm older and turning gray,
I only Gang-Bang once a day!

EISENHOWER!

I'se an hour late for a...

BEN HUR!

I'd bend her over for a...

EILENE!

I'd lean her over for a...

SAM AND JANET!

Sam enchanted evening, I'd like to...

BANANA!

Bana na na na, nana na...

ORANGE!

Orange you glad I didn't say banana...

GORILLA!

Girl of my dreams, I need a...

EMERSON!

Emerson nice tits, bitch. How 'd you like
to...

ISSAC TENOR!

I sent 10 or 12 girls out to the car, For a...

WANDA!

I want to gang bang, I always will...

SHELIA!

She loves a...

EULAH!

You love to gang bang, you always will...

WENDY!

When de moon comes over the mountain,
I love to...

BROOKE SHIELDS!

Brooke Shields her eyes when I come on
her face at the...

WILMA!

Will my finger do, 'cause my zipper is
stuck. I need a...

GLADIATOR!

Glad he ate her out before the...

CHARLIE PRIDE!

Charlie pried her legs open at the...

HAIL BRITANNIA

Hail Britannia, Marmalade and Jam
Three Chinese Crackers up your asshole
BAM! BAM! BAM!

Hail Britannia, Marmalade and Jam
Two Chinese Crackers up your asshole
BAM! BAM!

Hail Britannia, Marmalade and Jam
One Chinese Cracker up your asshole
BAM!

Hail Britannia, Marmalade and Jam
No Chinese Crackers up your asshole

DEAR MOM

Knock, knock
Who 's there?
Telegram, lady.
A telegram for me? Oh, please, sing it, I've never had a singing telegram before.
No, lady, I don't think you want us to sing this one.
Yes you can, Just sing it.
No lady, I just can't do it.
Oh, please! Sing it, pleeeeeease!!
Ok, lady, you asked for it!

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today
He crashed his OV-10 on Kim Il Sung's highway
He made a rocket pass and then he busted his ass,
Mmm, mmm, mmm

He went across the fence to see what he could see
And there it was as plain as it could be
It was a truck on the road with a big heavy load.
Mmm, mmm, mmm

He got right on the horn and gave the DASC a call
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send you FIEND Flight."
FOR I AM THE POWER!

Those vipers checked right in, gunfighters two by two
Low on gas and tanker overdue
They asked the FAC to mark just where that fucking truck was parked.
Mmm, mmm, mmm

The FAC rolled right in with his smoke to mark
Exactly where that fucking truck was parked
And now the rest is in doubt 'cause he never pulled out
Mmm, mmm, mmm

(With Reverence)

Dear Mom, your son is dead. He bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Kim Il Sung's highway.
It was a rocket pass and then he busted his ass.
Him, him, fuck him!
How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!
What was he doing? ONE SIXTY-NINE!
Indicated? YEAH!

Dear son your mom is dead. She bought the farm today.
She crashed her Oldsmobile on the interstate highway.
It was an overpass, and she busted her ass.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot...Toooueeee
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, Sweet Chariot...Toooueeee
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see...Toooueeee
Comin' for to carry me home,
A Band of Angels...Toooueeee, Comin' after me...Toooueeee
Comin' for to carry me home.

Hum with gestures, then comm out with gestures

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

Clang, clang,
Bang, Bang...And the Goddamn fire went out.
Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To sit on a fire engine red,
And say to a team of white horses,
"Give me head, give me head, give me head."

My father was a Fireman, He puts out Fires!
My brother was a Fireman He puts out Fires!
My sister, Sal, was a Fireman's gal, She puts out, TOO!!!
Without her pants on!

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE (Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,
I knew right away she was dead.
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy,
And sucked out the wad I shot in.

Sucked out, Sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I shot in, shot in!
Sucked out, Sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I shot in.

My one skin lies over my two skin.
My two skin lies over my three.
My three skin lies over my foreskin.
So peel back my foreskin for me.

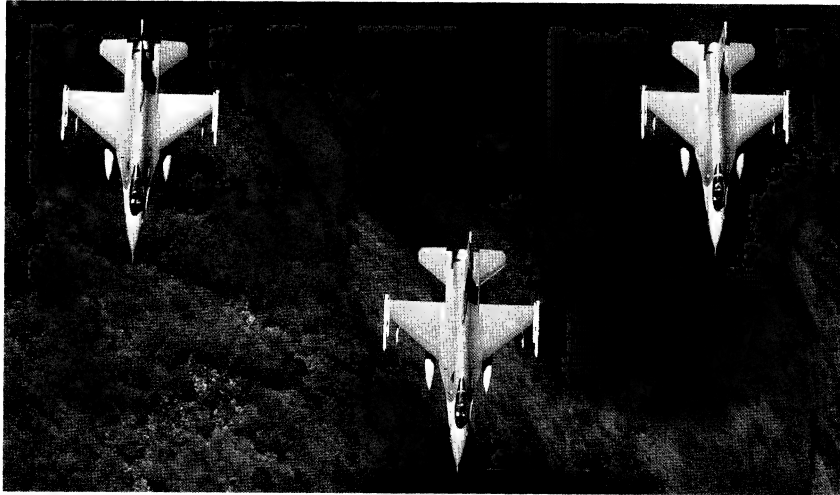
Peel back, Peel back.
Oh peel back my foreskin for me, for me!
Peel back, Peel back.
Oh peel back my foreskin for me.

I french kissed her tight swollen asshole.
And as I slipped my tongue inside,
I started to feel so euphoric.
'Til I got a mouthful of brown tide.

Brown tide, Brown tide.
'Til I got a mouthful of brown tide, brown tide!
Brown tide, Brown tide.
'Til I got a mouthful of brown tide.

I had a great buildup of smegma,
That I couldn't wipe off on the bed.
So rammed my cock up her left nostril,
And spurted all over her head.

Orgasm, Orgasm.
I spurted all over her head, her head!
Orgasm, Orgasm.
I spurted all over her head.



PUBIC HAIRS (Tune – Baby Face)

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs.
There's nothing that can compare, Pubic hairs.
Penis or vagina, nothing can be finer, than those,
Pubic hairs, I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear,
I didn't need a shove to take a mouthful of your dirty pubic hairs.

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the Queen of all the acrobats,
She can do tricks that would give a man the
shits.
She can flip a green pea from her fundamental
orifice,
Do a double flip and catch it on her tits.

She's a great big Son-of-a-Bitch, twice as big as
me,
With hair on her ass like branches on a tree.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive
a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me!



SO LONG MOM

So long mom, I'm off to drop the bomb,
So don't wait up for me.
And while you swelter,
Down in your shelter,
You can see me on your TV.

While we're attacking frontally,
Watch Brinkley and Huntley.
Describing contrapuntally, all the cities
we have lost,
No need for you to miss a minute of the
agonizing holocaust.

Little Johnny Jones, he was a US pilot,
And no shrinking violet was he.
He was mighty proud when World War
Three was declared,
He wasn't scared, oh no, not he.

And this is what he said on his way to
Armageddon...

Bomb...bomb...bomb...

So long mom, I'm off to drop the bomb,
So don't wait up for me.
And though I may roam, I'll come back to
my home,
Although it may be a pile of debris.

So long mommy,
I'm off to kill a commie,
So send me a salami,
And try to smile somehow.

I'll be back to you,
When the war is over.
An hour and a half, an hour and a half,
An hour and a half from now.

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small,
Fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small,
Fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small,
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all,
So Fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I killed a man,
Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I Killed a man,
Fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I shot him dead,
With a piece of fucking lead
Now that silly fuckers dead,
So Fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing,
From a piece of fucking string,
What a silly fucking thing,
So Fuck 'em all!

Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,
With his silly fucking crew,
They've Fuck all else to do,
Fuck 'em all!

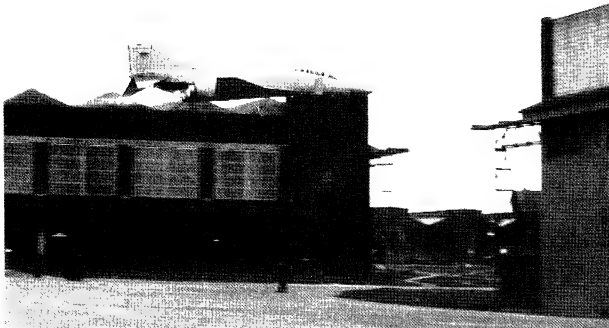
Oh, the Parson he will come,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Parson he will come,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Parson he will come,
With his tales of Kingdom Come,
He can shove them up his bung,
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, the hangman wears a mask,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the hangman wears a mask,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the hangman wears a mask,
For his silly fucking task,
He can shove it up his ass,
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I greased the rope,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope,
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope,
With a piece of Fucking soap,
What a silly Fucking joke,
Fuck 'em all.

(WITH REVERENCE)

I saw Molly in the crowd,
Fuck 'em all.
I saw Molly in the crowd,
Fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd,
And I felt so Fucking proud,
That I shouted right out loud,
Fuck 'em All!



STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE

(Tune: Wake The Town And Tell The People)

Strafe the town and kill the people,
Drop your napalm in the square.
Roll in early Sunday morning,
Try to catch them all at prayer.

Spread your CBU down Main Street,
See the arms and legs and hair.
Watch them crawling for the clinic,
Put a pod of rockets there.

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard,
Watch the orphans gather 'round.
Use your 20 millimeter,
Mow those little bastards down.

Find a field of running Charlies,
Drop a daisy-cutter there.
Watch the chunks of bodies flying,
Arms and legs and blood and hair.

See the fat old pregnant woman,
Running 'cross the field in fear.
Run your 20 mike-mike through her,
Hope your film comes out real clear.

Spray the crops and kill the farmers,
Spray them with your poison gas.
Watch them throwing up their breakfast,
As you make your second pass.

Get the spray guns working double,
Slightly offset for the breeze.
See the children in convulsions,
And besides, it kills the trees.

Strafe the town and kill the people,
Drop your high drag on the school.
If you happen to see ground fire,
Don't forget the Golden Rule.

See them group up in the market,
Waiting for a pound of rice.
Hungry, skinny, a starving people,
Isn't killing harvest nice.

Call the fence and safe the switches,
Another mission almost done.
Out of gas and ammunition,
Isn't killing people fun.

*ROKAF and Fiends at
EOR prior to
Combined LFE*



I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE

I don't want to join the Air Force,
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather hang around,
Piccadilli Underground,
Living off the earnings of a high class lady.

I don't want a bullet up me asshole,
I don't want my buttocks shot away.
I'd rather live in England,
Merry, Merry England,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away!
Cor Blimey.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
And Wednesday I confess,
I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw it, Cor Blimey.

Friday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday She gave my balls a tweak.
But Sunday after supper,
I rammed the old boy up her,
And now she wants it seven days a week!

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to sail the seven seas.
I'd rather fly a jet,
Fuck a tall brunette,
And drink my fill of good Scotch Whiskey.

I don't want seamen in my quarters,
I don't want my cock to rot away.
I'd rather be in England,
Merry, Merry England,
And fornicate my fuckin life away!
Cor Blimey.

I don't want to go to Saudi,
I don't want to go from Dharan.
I'd rather cop a feel,
Down at the Wagon Wheel,
Getting really loaded on a cold draft beer.

I don't mind fighting for my country,
I don't even mind a little flak,
But when I drive my Viper,
Down Happy-Fuckin'-Valley,
I want a cold draft beer when I get back.
Budweiser.

Monday we're drinkin' at King George's,
Tuesday we're drinking at the Pub.
On Wednesday, if we feel,
We're at the Wagon Wheel,
On Thursday we get drunk at home.

On Friday's we're drinking at the O'Club,
Saturday martinis at the pool,
And on Sunday we will render,
With tequila and a blender,
Margaritas that will kill a fuckin' mule.
Joe Quervo.

THE HAIRS ON HER DIKI-DI-DOO

The Mayor of Alconbury
Had a lovely young daughter
And the hair on her diki-di-do
Hung down to her knees.

CHORUS

To her knees,
To her knees,
The hairs on her diki-di-do
hung down to her knees.

She stood on a mountain
And pissed like a bloody fountain.
And the hairs on her diki-di-do
Hung down to her knees.

One red one, one black one,
and one with a little shit on,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo
Hung down to her knees.
(CHORUS)

I've been there, I've seen it,
I've been right between it,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo
Hung down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it,
It feels like a bit of velvet,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo
Hung down to her knees.
(CHORUS)

If she was my daughter,
I'd have it cut shorter,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo
Hung down to her knees

You'd need a Brontosaurus,
To lick her clitoris,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo
Hung down to her knees
(CHORUS)

There's a red one, there's a cherry one
There's one with a dingle berry on,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo
Hung down to her knees.

I've tangled, I've dangled,
I fucking nearly got strangled,
And the hairs on her diki-di-doo
Hung down to her knees.
(CHORUS)



THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

(Tune: Throw A Nickel On The Drum [Salvation Army])

It was midnight in Korea; all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Col White, and this is what he said,
"Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all,
Pilots, gentle pilots," and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"
When up stepped a young Lieutenant. with a voice as harsh as
brass,
"You can take those goddamn Viper jets and shove them up your
ass."

CHORUS

Oh Halleluiah, sing Halleluiah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilots ass,
Oh Halleluiah, oh Halleluiah, throw a nickel on the grass and
you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six and twenty per.
There came a call from the Major, "Oh won't you save me sir?"
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas,
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my ass.
(CHORUS)

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
The airspeed read 130, my God I racked it tight.
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.
(CHORUS)

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground,
There came a call from tower, pull up and go around.
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more,
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came trough the floor.
(CHORUS)

THUNDER THUD (THROW A NICKEL PART II)

Oh, I'd like to tell the story about the Thunder Thud,
The bag you heard about it is just a bunch of crud.
It took a lot of folks up North and brought them back again,
The man who speaks against it will here our little hymn.
(CHORUS)

CHORUS

Oh Halleluiah, sing Halleluiah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilots ass,
Oh Halleluiah, oh Halleluiah, throw a nickel on the grass and
you'll be saved.

Oh you say you fly up yonder, that you're not afraid of flak,
You think you'll log a hundred, you're a mighty scrappy cat.
You're shit hot and you know it, but the truth is this my friend,
It's the 105 that'll take you there and get you back again.
(CHORUS)

Split-S on to my bomb run, I got too goddamn low,
I pressed the bloody button, I let my babies go.
I sucked the stick back in my gut, and hit a high speed stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.
(CHORUS)

They sent me up to Pyongyang; the brief said "Skoshe Ack Ack,"
But by the time I got there, my wing was holed by flak.
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly,
Mayday, mayday, mayday, I am too young to die.
(CHORUS)

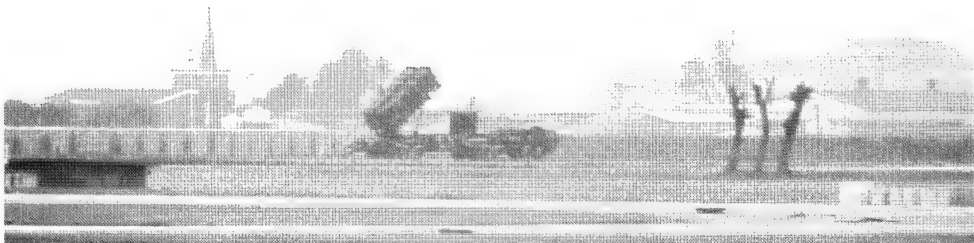
I bailed out from the Sabre, my landing was top line,
With me E & E equipment, I made for our font line.
When I opened up my ration, time to see what was in it,
My God damn quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.
(CHORUS)

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit,
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit.
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly,
But I'll have a quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die.
(CHORUS)

It is heavy as a heavy and you'll curse it like a cop,
But it's not a dinky sports car, it's built to do the job.
While the F-4s cry for Jolly to come and pick them up,
It'll fly you safe and bring you back to a cool one in the pub.
(CHORUS)

Oh don't you growl and grumble like a dog without a bone,
It's the one bird in this goddamned war that's built to bring you
home.
With your hands upon the throttle you're in a separate class,
You're a fighter-bomber pilot let the others kiss your ass.
(CHORUS)

And now you've logged a hundred, at last you're headed home.
Remember you were king up there upon the thunder throne.
While others stayed below the ridge you risked your ass in blood,
But don't forget what brought you home the good old Thunder
Thud
(CHORUS)



CRUISING OVER HANOI (THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS PART III)

We were cruising over Hanoi, doing four and fifty per,
When I called to my flight leader, "Oh won't you help me sir?
The SAMs are hot and heavy, the MIGs are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader, please don't make another pass."

CHORUS

Oh Halleluiah, sing Halleluiah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilots ass,
Oh Halleluiah, oh Halleluiah, throw a nickel on the grass and
you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run, trying to set the pipper right,
When a SAM came off the launch pad, and headed for our flight.
Then number two informed me, "Hey Four, you'd better break!"

I racked that goddamn plane so hard, it made the whole thing
shake.

(CHORUS)

I started my recovery, it seemed things were all right,
When I felt the damndest impact, saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might, against the blinding force,
Then number two screamed out at us, "Hey Four, you've had the
course."

(CHORUS)

ITAZUKE TOWER (Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar.
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before.
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream and hear old Merlin roar,
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop is overrun;
My coolant's overheated, the gage says 1-2-1,
You'd better get the crash crew out, and get them on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot get the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour;
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see.
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801.
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung.
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up, before that Judgment Day."

"Now listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower.
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power.
We'll send a note through channels and wait for a reply.
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801.
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done.
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade.
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed."

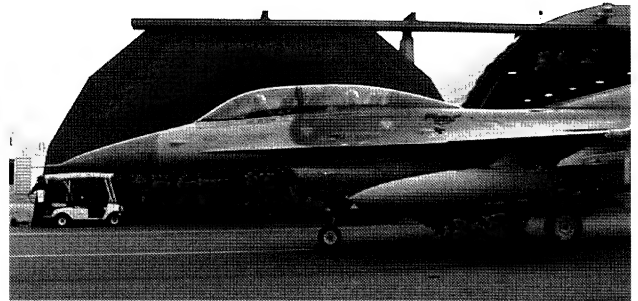
SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley shifting cinders,
Raised up her leg and farted like a man
The wind from her bloomers, broke six windows,
And the cheeks of her ass went:
BAM! BAM! BAM!

I screamed at my backseater, "We'd better punch on out,
Eject, eject, you stupid shit," in panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see, if Joe had got the word.
I reached between my legs and pulled, and took off like a bird.
(CHORUS)

As I descended in my chute, my thoughts were rather grim,
Rather than be a prisoner, I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up, and looked around to see,
And there in blazing neon, Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.
(CHORUS)

The moral of this story is, when you're in Package Six,
You'd better goddamn look around, or you'll be in my fix.
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton, with luxury sublime,
The only thing that's not so great – I'll be here a long, long time.
(CHORUS)



BARNACLE BILL, THE PILOT (Tune: Barnacle Bill, the Sailor)

"The Air Corps is the life for me," said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.
"I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator.
I'll fly so high, I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy.
I'll make the people moan and cry," said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

(CHORUS)

"Pretty soon you'll lose that grin," said the fair young maiden.
"Pretty soon you'll lose that grin," said the fair young maiden.

"I'm rough and tough and know my stuff," said Bill, the Aviator.
"I'll fly this ship till I've had enough," said Bill, the Aviator.
"I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin.
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator."

(CHORUS)

"You're out of gas and must go down," wailed the fair young maiden.
"You're out of gas and must go down," wailed the fair young maiden.

"I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in," roared Bill, the Aviator.
"I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin," roared Bill, the Aviator.
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick,
And hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor barnacle Bill the Sailor.

(CHORUS)

"Here's some flowers for his grave," sobbed the fair young maiden.
"Here's some flowers for his grave," sobbed the fair young maiden.

WILD WEST SHOW

INTRO: La-a-a-adies and Gentlemen. Welcome to the Wild West Show. Tonight for you we have the most fantastic, incredible, animal acts ever seen before the eyes of man on the face of this earth. Tonight for you we have the famous...

RESPONSE: "FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE, NO SHIT-TELL US ABOUT THE MOTHERFUCKER!"

VERSES

INTRO: Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki, Bird

RESPONSE: The Ki, Ki Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along at 21,500' looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings and starts down at a precise 75 degree dive. Down he goes, gaining speed. 18,000 feet, 10,000 feet. His vision begins to blur from the wind blast. 7,000 feet. Faster and faster. 3,000 feet. 1,500 feet. 500 feet. He starts to pull out. 100 feet, 50 feet. He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and as he drags his ass on the ground says, "Ki, Ki, Ki, Krist, that was close!"

CHORUS

Oh, we're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and the kangaroos.
No matter what the weather, as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

INTRO: Fukawi Tribe

RESPONSE: The Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of three-foot tall pygmies living in four-foot tall elephant grass. They spend their whole life going around saying, "Where the fuck are we? Where the fuck are we?!"
(Chorus)

INTRO: Lulu, the Tattooed Lady

RESPONSE: Lulu, the Tattooed Lady, is a very strange lady indeed. She has a 'W' tattooed on her left cheek and a 'W' tattooed on her right cheek. When she bends over she spells 'WOW' and when she stands on her head, she spells "MOM." But when she does cartwheels, she spells "WOW MOM, WOW MOM."
(Chorus)

INTRO: Mathematical Impossibility

RESPONSE: The Mathematical Impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl around who was eight (ate) before she was seven.
(Chorus)

INTRO: Shoe Clerk

RESPONSE: The Shoe Clerk is a very strange human-like animal. He's the only animal known that you can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb.
(Chorus)

INTRO: Lulu, the Tattooed Lady's Sister

RESPONSE: Lulu, the Tattooed Lady's sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has "Merry Christmas" tattooed on one thigh and "Happy New Year" tattooed on the other thigh. Then she says, "Why don't all you Fiends come up a and see me between the holidays?"
(Chorus)

INTRO: PFFFTT Bird

RESPONSE: The PFFFTT Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three-foot long right wing and a four-foot long left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles until he flies up his own asshole and goes, "Pffftt."
(Chorus)

INTRO: OOH-OOH-AH Bird

RESPONSE: The OOH-OOH-AH Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird with a four-foot long scrotum and only three-foot long legs. When comes in for a landing, he goes, "OOH, OOH, ——— AHHHHHHHHH!"
(Chorus)

INTRO: Boom Rat-A-Tat-Tat-Tat-Bird

RESPONSE: The Boom Rat-A-Tat-Tat-Tat-Bird is a very close cousin of the OOH-AH Bird. It also has a four-foot long scrotum and three foot-long legs, but he lands on corrugated roofs and goes, "Boom-Rat-A-Tat-Tat-Tat!"
(Chorus)

INTRO: Peanut Butter Lady

RESPONSE: The Peanut Butter Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She's the only lady around that when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth.
(Chorus)

INTRO: Tight Skinned Owl

RESPONSE: The Tight Skinned Owl is an owl whose skin is so tight that when he blinks, he masturbates himself. "You, little boy, stop throwing sand in his eyes."
(Chorus)

INTRO: Perverted convertible

RESPONSE: The Perverted Convertible is a strange car-like creature that seats two in the front seat and SIXTY-NINE in the back seat.
(Chorus)

INTRO: Drunken Giraffe

RESPONSE: The Drunken Giraffe is a strange long-legged creature who walks by the club and tells the all the Viper drivers, "Boys, the high balls are on me!"
(Chorus)

INTRO: Dentist

RESPONSE: The Dentist is a very strange creature indeed. He's the only guy around that you pay so he'll put his "tool" in your mouth.
(Chorus)

INTRO: O-Rang-O-Tang

RESPONSE: The O-Rang-O-Tang is a strange ape-like creature. However, his balls hang soooo low that when he swings from tree to tree, they go "O-Rang-O-Tang, O-Rang-O-Tang."
(Chorus)

INTRO: Female Horny Bird

RESPONSE: The Female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her lonely cry, "Wantsome, Wantsome!" The Male Horny Bird is known by his cry, "Hereit-tis, Hereit-tis!"
(Chorus)

INTRO: Air Force Ladder

RESPONSE: The Air Force Ladder is a strange and wondrous mechanical contraption that, while you're climbing it, you look up, but all you can see are ASSHOLES. However, when you look down, all you can see are SMILINING FACES!
(Chorus)

ENGINEER'S SONG

An engineer told me before he died,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
An engineer told me before he died,
I had no reason to think the bastard lied.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could not be satisfied.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

So he built a bloody great wheel,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
So he built a bloody great wheel,
With two brass balls and a prick of steel.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

The whole damn thing was driven by
steam,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
The whole damn thing was driven by
steam,
And the balls of steel were filled with
cream.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

He led his wife upon the bed,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
He led his wife upon the bed,
And tied her feet behind her head.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

He put the machine in the position of
fuck,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
He put the machine in the position of
fuck,
And wished his wife the best of luck.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

Round and round went the bloody great
wheel,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Round and round went the bloody great
wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

Higher and Higher went the level of
steam,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Higher and higher went the level of
steam,
Lower and lower went the level of cream.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

Until at last his wife, she cried,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Until at last his wife she cried,
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

Now we come to the tragic bit,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Now we come to the tragic bit,
There was no way of stopping it!
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

Split her open from her cunt to her tits,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Split her open from her cunt to her tits,
The whole fucking place was covered with
shit.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

Now we come to the part that's grim,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Now we come to the part that's grim,
It jumped off her and jumped on him!
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

Nine months later a child was born,
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Nine months later a child was born,
With two brass balls and big steel horn.
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump
Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump-titty, Rump

MY WAY

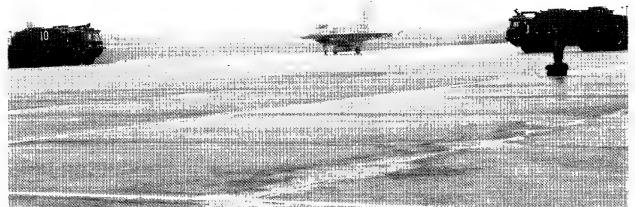
And now, the end is near, and so I face the final curtain,
I lost my outboard tanks, my gun, my bombs, my wings, I'm certain.
I planned the mission well, I briefed to fly right down the highway,
I armed it up and pickled once, and did it my way.

Regrets, I have a few, they disapproved my last extension,
They've cast a jaundiced eye upon the need for my retention.
I flew the day before, I logged my time, not in a shy way,
I guess I should have logged much more, but I did it my way.

Well, there were times, I'm sure you knew,
When you were good, but I was too,
The scores come back, you had your doubt,
I'd won it all, I'd cleaned you out,
Today that's changed,
I missed the range,
But hit the highway.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried, I've had my fill, my share of losing.
And now they say I lied, but I don't care, it's so amusing.
My boss discussed the flight, each detailed step, along the byway,
And then he said, "Don't use your head, just do it my way."

But I've got to stand on my two feet,
So keep your kids off of the street.
I've got to fly, and fight, and sing,



A CLEAN SONG

"Sure mister, we'll leave, but first can we sing just one more
song.
Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb.
Mary had a little lamb, whose fleece was white as snow.
It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one
day.
It followed her to school one day,
AND A BIG BLACK DOG FUCKED IT!!!!

THE SCOTTISH WEDDING

Oh, the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth.
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

Chorus

Balls to your partner, your ass against the wall
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night
You've never been laid at all!

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom explaining to the groom,
The vagina not the rectum was the entrance to the womb.
(CHORUS)

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness
And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less
(CHORUS)

The parson's wife, she was there, she was best of all,
She stuck her ass against the door and said, "Come one, come all."
(CHORUS)

The village parson, he was there, and so surprised to see,
Four and twenty maiden heads hanging from a tree.
(CHORUS)

The parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits,
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits!
(CHORUS)

The village craftsman, he was there, his hammer and his awls,
Talking to the Queen, and showing off his balls.
(CHORUS)

The parson's daughter, she was there, seated down in front,
A wreath of roses 'round her neck, and a carrot up her cunt.
(CHORUS)

The village prostitute was there, just lying on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.
(CHORUS)

The groom was in the bedroom, explaining to the bride.
The penis, not the scrotum, is the part that goes inside!
(CHORUS)

The village vicar he was there, wrapped up in a shroud,
Swinging from a chandelier, pissing on the crowd!
(CHORUS)

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.
(CHORUS)

They were fucking in the barley, they were fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheep while some were fucking goats.
(CHORUS)

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs,
You could not see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.
(CHORUS)

Little Tommy, he was there, but he was only eight.
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masturbate.
(CHORUS)

The village idiot, he was there, doin' this and that.
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.
(CHORUS)

The village blacksmith, he was there, he had balls of brass,
Every time he took a step, sparks shot up his ass.
(CHORUS)

The village school marm she was there, up to quite a stunt,
Sliding down the banister and whistling through her cunt.
(CHORUS)

The village idiot was there, making like a fool,
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool.
(CHORUS)

The village butcher, he was there, cleaver in his hand.
And every time he turned around, he circumcised a man.
(CHORUS)

The village cripple, he was there, not doing very much,
He lined the girls up in a row and fucked them with his crutch.
(CHORUS)

And when the ball, was over, the folks went home to rest.
They said they liked the music, but the fucking was the best.
(CHORUS)

YOU CAN'T SAY SHIT-HOT

You can't say "Shit-Hot" in the Officer's Club,
You can't say, "Hey, show us your tits!"
The bullshit is getting so deep here, it's up to my fucking armpits.
Fuck off, fuck off, club manager, fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off, club manager, fuck off, fuck off

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHIT HOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shit house down
Mother's willing to pay.
My Father's drunk, and in the jail,
Sister's in a motherly way.
Brother dear is fucking queer,
Times are fucking hard.
So, please don't burn the shit house down
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard!



THE VICTOR ALERT SONG (My Favorite Things)

Reading our porno and picking our asses.
Filling the forms out and passing our gases.
Silver sleek B-61 strapped down below,
It's nuclear war and we're ready to go.

OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH

Scramble at midnight the engines are turning.
Take off in sheer fright, our stomachs are churning.
Off to the orbit, we've got us a GO,
Arming it up and she's all set to blow!

OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH

Out of the orbit at one hundred feet,
Over the Rhine we've got deadlines to meet.
Crossing the FEBA with eye patches on,
There's a flash to the left and another town's gone.

OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH

GOAs and Guidelines and Fishbeds and Floggers,
Ganefs and Gainfuls and BIG GODDAMN BOMBERS!
Flankers and Fulcrums and Quad-Twenty-Threes'
Thinking of that scares the shit out of me.

OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH

Wing flash at eight so we check and extend,
Flogger at six, now we have to defend.
Break turn, reversal, and then go in for guns
Shoot his ass down, then back on our run.

OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH

Long Tracks are up and looking for trouble,
Sixes are launched now our heartbeats are doubled.
Mashing and jinking and throwing out chaff,
Those cockbites all miss and we're back on our path.

OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH

On to the IP, our pits start to sweat,
We'll asshole those Commies, and that's a sure bet.
Killing those fuckers and covering them with dirt,
That's why we like sitting VICTOR ALERT.

OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH

Out to the IP our nerves are all steady,
Switches are thrown and we've got us ready.
"In Range" light flashes, the job's almost done
Killing some Commies we're having such fun!

OOMM PAH PAH, OOMM PAH PAH,
OOMM PAH PAH, OOMM PAH PAH

When the Colonel's ping!
When my Phantom's broke!
When I'm feeling sad!
I simply remember that big mushroom cloud,
And then I don't FEEELLL SSOOO BAAAAD!

COLUMBO

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,
A deago from I-taly,
Was walking the streets of old Madrid,
And pissed in every alley.
All night long, from midnight on.

He walked up to the Queen of Spain,
Demanding ships and cargo.
He said, "I'll be a son-of-a-bitch,
If I don't bring back Chicago."
All night long, from midnight on.

CHORUS

He thought the world was round-o,
His balls hung to the ground-o,
That navigatin', masturbatin',
Son-of-a-bitch, Columbo.

Columbo had a cabin boy,
The dirty little dipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.
All night long, from midnight on.

Columbo had a second mate
He loved him like a brother.
They went down below the deck
And corn holed one another.
All night long, from midnight on.
(CHORUS)

For forty days and forty nights,
They sailed the blue Atlantic.
They spied a whore upon the shore,
And the whole damn crew went frantic.
All night long, from midnight on.

They screwed her once, they screwed
her twice,
They screwed her once too often.
They broke the mainspring in her ass,
And now she's in her coffin.
All night long, from midnight on.

BLOW JOB (Tune: Blue Moon)

Bobidy, Bop, Bop,
A Dang, A Dang Dang,
A Ding, A Dong Ding,

Blow job...
You leave me gasping for air.
I'd like to cum in mid-air,
And rub it into your hair.

Bobidy, Bop, Bop,
A Dang, A Dang Dang,
A Ding, A Dong Ding,

Cunnilingus...
I'd like to five you repass.
You'd suck a fart from my ass.
You've got so goddamn much
class.

And when you put your lips to
my sweet penis,
I'd like to get something stiff
between us,
You make me dream of
passionate Venus,
And the way you grease up
your ANUS.

Bopidy, Bop, Bop,
A Dang, A Dang Dang,
A Ding, A Dong, Ding,

Blow job...
You leave me gasping for air.
I'd like to come in mid-air,
And rub it into your hair.
Bobidy, Bop, Bop,
A Dang, A Dang Dang,
A Ding A Dong, Ding,
BLOW JOBBBBBBBBB!!!



"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery lane.
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same.
Along came a pilot, handsome as he could be,
He was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS

Singing "G" suits and Parachutes,
And uniforms of blue,
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head.
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead.
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm,
Climbed in the bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm.
(CHORUS)

Now in the morning before the break of day,
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say.
"Take this, my darling, for all the harm I've done.
For you may have a daughter, or you might have a son."
(CHORUS)

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a fighter pilot an inch above your knee.
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

FINAL CHORUS

Singing "G" Suits and Parachutes,
And uniforms of blue.
She'll never fly a fighter like her daddy used to do!

BATTLE HYMN

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We fly our fucking Phantoms at ten thousand fucking feet,
We fly our fucking Phantoms through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying South, we're really flying North,
And we make our fucking landfall on the Fifth of fucking Fourth.

Chorus

Glory, Glory Halleluiah, Glory, Glory Halleluiah, Glory, Glory Halleluiah,
We make our fucking landfall on the Fifth of fucking Fourth.

We fly those fucking Phantoms at fuck all thousand feet.
We fly those fucking Phantoms through the trees and corn and wheat.
And though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a flying fuck.

Chorus

Glory, Glory Halleluiah, Glory, Glory Halleluiah, Glory, Glory Halleluiah,
We don't give a fucking damn or care: a flying fuck.

We fly those fucking Phantoms at ten thousand fucking feet.
We fly our fucking Phantoms through the rain and snow and sleet.
And though we think we're flying up, we're really flying down,
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

Chorus

Glory, Glory Halleluiah, Glory, Glory Halleluiah, Glory, Glory Halleluiah,
We bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

(Tune - On Top of Old Smoky)

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back.
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with Fireballs
The missiles flashed by.
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called, "I'm hit;
I'm going to bust."
Not one God damned ELINT
A poor jock can trust.

So come, ye young pilots,
And listen to Dad.
Forget about jinking,
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far.
It's a long walk to Takli
And a beer at the bar.



SHIT HOT FROM KORAT
(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

When this base opened and all things were new,
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five Baht,
I'm Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat."

CHORUS

It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat,
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot.
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat,
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit hot.

Standing or sitting she's good anyway,
That's what the jocks of Korat always say.
They can't understand whey her crotch doesn't rot,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.
(CHORUS)

A very young jock that first opened her box,
Became her pimp and later got shot.
But still couldn't tie them marital know,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.
(CHORUS)

She's good in a hammock but better in bed,
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said.
Some left their wives, believe it or not,
For Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.
(CHORUS)

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,
When they had the honor to lay in her rack.
They never forgot that dirty old twat,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.
(CHORUS)

With F-4C crews she never had trouble,
Once she learned how to take them on double.
Thought it was daylight it bothered her not,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.
(CHORUS)

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,
One in the front, the other in back.
She like this arrangement, it doubled her Baht,
Chum Chim the whore and shit hot from Korat.
(CHORUS)

SEOUL CITY SUE
(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down,
Till I reached old Bong Chong Way,
And there I met a gook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and gee were too,
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS

Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too,
I'd swap my honey cart for you.
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchee like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit,
I owe a lot to you,
I came here from America,
To find Seoul City Sue.
Someday I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too,
So people can't be singing,
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."
(CHORUS)

BLUE FOUR

There's a fireball down there on the hillside,
And I think maybe we've lost a friend.
But we'll keep on flying, and we'll keep on dying,
For duty and honor never end.

There's an upended glass on the table,
Down in front of a lone empty chair.
Yesterday we were with him and today god be with him,
Forever, he is in your care.

They were four when they took off this morning,
And their duty was there in the sky.
Only three ships came back, Blue Four ain't returning,
To Blue Four hold your glasses high.

There's a fireball down there on the hillside,
And I think maybe we've lost a friend,
But we'll keep on flying and we'll keep on dying,
For duty and honor never end.



BUMPY ROADS (Tune: Country Roads)

Almost Hell, South Korea,
Imjin River, Uijonbu Valley.
Whores are old there,
Older than the trees,
Younger than the mountains,
Loaded with disease.

CHORUS

Bumpy roads, take me home,
From a place, I don't belong,
South Korea, Gonorrhea,
Take me home, bumpy roads.

I hear her voice, from an alley where she calls me,
Her face reminds me of a whore I once laid,
While riding in a Kimchee cab,
I feel as though I should have DEROS'd yesterday. Yesterday!
(CHORUS)

THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying,
And as on the airdrome he lay.
To the mechanics who 'round him came sighing,
These last parting words he did say:

"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crankshaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again!"



ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG (Tune - On Top of Old Smoky)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak,
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back.
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief,
And a quick-triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save,
But the quick-triggered Commie, will send you to the grave.
And the grave will destroy you and turn you to dust,
Not one MIG in a thousand, A Sabre jet can trust.

Now then the bad weather keeps the ships down,
All day we can hear, this horrible sound.
Attention all pilots, now listen to this,
There'll be a short meeting, that you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more,
But we have all heard them, thirty-six times or more.
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group,
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A fighter pilot lay dying,
The medic left him for dead.
All around him women were crying,
These are the words that he said.
"Take the tailpipe out of my kidney,
Take the burner out of my brain,
Take the generator out of my stomach,
And assemble the unit again.
(CHORUS)

CHORUS

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing.
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozing.
Down in the hangar, they laugh and they shout,
Talk about things they know nothing about.
We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing,
Bosom buddies while boozing.

With rusty fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem,
We'll fly these worn out Super Hogs,
Against the MIG-19.
Forgotten by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we hold dear.
The good have all gone before us,
And only the dull are still here.
(CHORUS)

We fly in the purple twilight,
We fly in the silvery dawn.
With smoke trails following after,
To show where our comrades have gone.
So stand to your glasses steady,
Don't let a tear leave your eyes.
Here's to the dead already,
And hurrah to the next man to die.

(FINAL CHORUS)

For we are the boys that they send up to fly,
Bosom buddies a boozing are we.
We are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies a boozing are we.
The boys up at 7th, they laugh and they shout,
Talk about things they know fuck all about.
But we are the boys that they send out to die,
Bosom buddies a boozing are we,
Bosom buddies a boozing are we.

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU (Tune: When It's Springtime in the Rockies)

When it's springtime on the Yalu and the MIGs come out to play,
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay.
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in,
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's springtime on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom,
And your fifties do the talking and it's just a MIG and you,
Once again you'll hear the whisper that my fuel is running low,
When it's springtime on the Yalu then its time for us to go.

PUSAN U.
(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming round the country side,
'Twas down near Pusan Bay.
We stepped into a local bar,
To pass the time away.
I met a gal from old Chin Ju,
She was a sight to view.
I asked her where she came from,
And she said, "Pusan U."

(First CHORUS)

Oh, Pusan U. Oh, Pusan U.
The finest school in all the land,
The University that's grand.
Oh, Pusan U. Oh, Pusan U.
I hail my Alma Matre,
Oh Pusan, to you.

I enrolled in that great college,
Founded by Kim Pac Su.
'Twas built of honey buckets,
So they called it Pusan U.
The smell was terrific,
But fortune saw me though.
So now I left this glass,
To the school of Pusan U.

(Second CHORUS)

Oh, Pusan U. Oh, Pusan U.
Your course is good for engineers,
A-frames, ox carts pulled by steers.
Oh, Pusan U. Oh, Pusan U.
I hail my Alma Matre,
Oh Pusan, to you.

I saw a girl most beautiful,
She was a sight to view.
She won a beauty contest,
She was crowned Miss Pusan U.
They spotted her in Hollywood,
Now she's a start there, too.
When asked to what she owes her fame,
She says, "Oh Pusan U."
(Repeat First CHORUS)

We have an A-1 baseball team,
We win our games straight through.
They ask us where we come from,
And we say, "Pusan U."
We have a pitcher who is tops,
Our batters are good, too.
And every time we come to bat,
The crowd yells, "Pusan U."
(Repeat Second CHORUS)



MISS LEE'S HOOCHIE
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

I went to Seoul city and met Miss Lee,
She said, "For a short time, oh come sleep with me."
We went to Lee's hoochie, a room with hot floors,
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad,
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had.
Her breath smells of kimchee, her bosoms were flat,
No hair on her pussy, now what about that.

I asked to go Benjo, she led me outside,
I reached for ole smokey, he crawled back inside.
I rushed to the medics, cried, "What shall I do?"
The Doc was dumbfounded, ole smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul city, on your next three-day pass,
Don't go to Lee's hoochie, sit flat on your ass.
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you,
But better the red ass, then ole smokey blue.

KOREA
(Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over, a well fought over,
Korea that I abhor.
One for the money, and two for the show,
Ridgeway said stay, but we want to go.

There's no use explaining, why we're remaining,
We got what we were fighting for.
Korea, Korea and diarrhea,
To make the rice grow some more.

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL
(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
By the wreckage of his Sabre jet, the young pursuer lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the very last words, this young pursuiter said:

I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows form telephone poles, there's poker every night,
There's not a fucking thing to do, but sit around and sing,
The crew chiefs will be women, oh death where is thy sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, (Ting-a-ling)
Oh death where is thy sting, (Ting-a-ling)
The bells in hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me.

Oh, ring a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass!
Oh, ring a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass!
Oh, ring a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass!
Better days are coming by and by! (Bullshit!)

ALTERNATE VERSION

Beside a Loation jungle trail, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Thunderchief, a young Thud driver lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the very last words, this young Thud driver said:

I'm going to...etc.

TO THE REGULARS
(Tune: Mr and Mrs Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea, I can't forget Suwon,
For Sygman Rhee and Joe Stalin have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bomblines, and got a hole or tow,
But all I got was a crock of shit from you and you and you.

CHORUS

Oh, I was called to risk my ass and save the U. N. too,
But all I got was a crock of shit from you and you and you.

The AA was terrific, the small arms were intense,
While flyboys bombed the frontlines, the divisions did the rest.
While the regulars held their desk jobs, the reserves were called en masse,
The U. N. knew the air reserve was the one to save their ass.
(CHORUS)

I love you dear old USA, with all my aching heart,
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves we'd never've had to part.
But we won't cry and we won't squawk, for we are not alone,
For one of these days the regulars'll come and we can all go home.
(CHORUS)

Now we don't mind the hardships, we've faced them in the past,
But we wonder if our Congressmen have had forties up their ass.
We have to fight to save the peace, that's what the bastards said,
But when you check the casualties, you'll find no Senators dead.
(CHORUS)

I'm going to raise a family, when this war is through,
I hope to have a bouncing boy to tell my stories to.
But someday when he grows up, if he joins the air reserve,
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk for that's what he'll deserve.
(CHORUS)

BYE, BYE CHERRY
(Tune: Bye, Bye, Blackbird)

Back your ass against the wall, here I come, balls and all.
Bye, Bye, Cherry!
Won't your mother be disgusted, when she finds your cherry busted.
Bye, Bye Cherry!

Wrap your legs around a little tighter,
I can feel my load is getting lighter,
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits,
Till my little pecker spits.
Cherry, Bye, Bye!

STRAFIN ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
(Tune: She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old,
To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold,
With their fighters painted yellow,
Leaping off to contact Mello,
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiji, stop the Reds,
Eight one thousand pounders loader, instant heads,
Four birds lined up on the runway,
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday,
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty-thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest,
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test,
'Til at last the Yalu river,
Which makes my liver quiver,
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dusty clouds roll up from Antung cross the way,
Twenty swept wing Chinese war birds out to play,
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes,
All lit up like Christmas trees,
Tip tanks salvoed off, we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste,
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace,
It was thrilling, it was hairy,
Near that privileged sanctuary,
Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place,

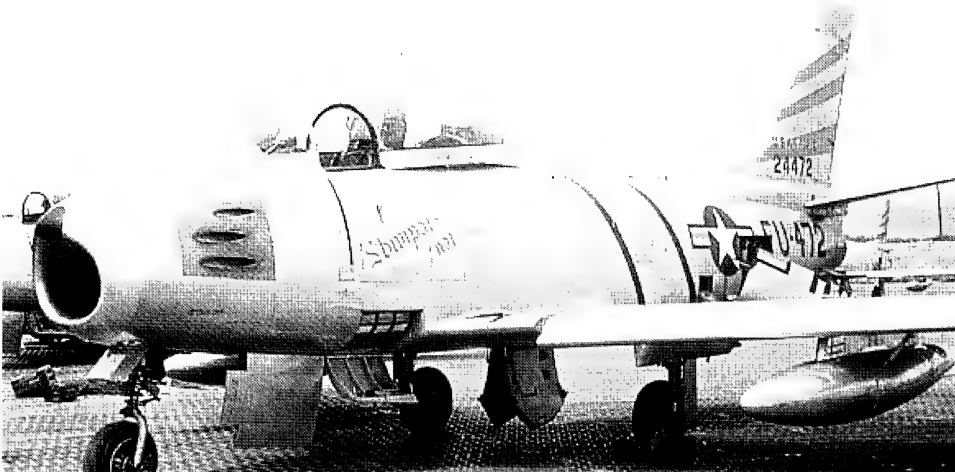
Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four,
I am home, I'm through with this damn war,
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

DROPPIN' BOMBS

Ever since I started flying,
I've had to try to keep from dying,
'Specially since I came to Vietnam.

Seems on every combat sortie,
That's when Charlie tries to zort me,
When I'm shootin' guns and droppin' bombs.

Someday when my tour's over,
I'll lay dreaming, deep in clover,
'Bout you silly bastards droppin' bombs.



*F-86F of the 36 FBS
"SHIMPANAI"*

THREE OLD WHORES

Three old whores from Boston,
Were drunk on cherry wine.
Their topic of conversation,
"Yours is no bigger than mine."
Ohhhhhhh...

CHORUS

Roly-poly, tickle my holey,
Up my slimey poop-poop.
Drag your nuts across my guts,
And join in our happy group.

First old whore got up and said,
"Mine's as big as the sea.
Ships sail in, ships sail out,
And never bother me."
Ohhhhhh...
(CHORUS)

Second old whore got up and said,
"Mine's as big as a well,
A farm boy slipped on the edge one day,
And I never knew he fell."
Ohhhhhh...
(CHORUS)

The third old whore got up and said,
"Mine's as big as the air,
Planes fly in, and planes fly out,
And never touch a hair!"
Ohhhhhh...
(CHORUS)

ALL WE'RE BOMBING IS TREES

They called out the Air Guard to go fight the war,
To help with the Tactical Air.
To free the pueblo would be better by far,
We've got to be doing our share.

We crossed the Pacific without any strain,
The Air Force was sure in a jam.
We landed at Phu Cat with 22 planes,
Bad weather and hazards be damned.

We started our checkouts with utmost dispatch,
To get all the air crews aloft.
And the pilots were qualified, ten in a batch,
Just to get in the Vietnam War.

The armorers loaded us up to go our max,
With napalm and high drags galore.
And Uncle Sam bought them with an increase in tax,
Just to drop in the Vietnam War.

Now we're scrambled to targets all over I-Corps,
We're in sorties of two planes or three.
But what kind of targets was all of this for,
My god, all we're bombing is trees.

CONSTELLATION

(Tune: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious)

The extra-camouflagistic Super Constellation
Even though the sound of it will cause you consternation.
If you fly it long enough it'll give you constipation,
The extra-camouflagistic Super Constellation.

When I was in Texas flyen' 1-3-0s,
My wing commander told me, "Ole J. J. you must go,"
Up to the far off northland, the land of ice and snow,
You'll fly the Lockheed Speedbrake, it's very, very slow.

We fly and fly and fly and fly and fly and fly and fly,
Because it takes so long for us to climb into the sky.
But even after all of this we still aren't very high,
That's why the pilots sit around and all they do is cry.

One day the engineer cried out, "We blew a PRT,"
The AC calmly turned and said, "Feather Number 3."
The young stud in the right seat screamed, "Oh, dear Lord, why me?"
To think I finished high enough to get an F-4C.

The Buff it doesn't have much speed, it really is quite slow,
It won't go anywhere it's knowing' the snow and wind does blow.
We fly around in circles, we go and go and go,
That is until the fire lights begin to buzz and glow.

And now that we're in Thailand we share a base with thuds,
Oh see them gaily walk around in all their fancy duds.
They sit upon the barstools just sippin' up the suds,
Oh gee I wish that I could fly that great big ugly Thud.

Here's the story of Speckled Balls, Lockheeds Super R,
It's gained less fame in the air than it has in all the bars.
But if you jeer a Connie man he'll answer without fail,
"I bet you mothers standing round can't handle all that tail."

We spend our monthly earnings out chasing Thai poon-tang,
And nightly lifting mugs of cheer while duty songs we sing.
We've learned our lessons well enough on how to be a stud,
By watching all the throttle jocks who fly the mighty thuds.

We have our own heroes each a wondrous guy,
And if you'll here their hairy tales the drinks they'll gladly buy.
Once a mighty Major brave was up where VC roam,
He saw two shots of Triple A and brought the mother home.

We fly our Speedbreak Bulls away up in the sky,
That's how we spend our whole damn week just fly and fly and fly.
We fly in tiny circles round, never near the fray,
But will we ever join the fight, you'll never see the day.

The flak that Charlie throws at us while in the darkenin' hours,
Is really such a pretty sight with all its sparkling showers.
But does it really scare or chill us to the bone?
Hell half the crew is strapped asleep while the rest eat ice cream cones.

I long for the time to come when I can get some rest,
And go back home to the BX where the loven' is the best.
'Til the job be done, our tour complete, should either be the same,
And these they bus to TWA, to the place from which they came.

It's the extra-camouflagistic Super Constellation,
Number one priority in all of this great nation.
McNamara chose it in a fit of desperation,
The extra-camouflagistic Super Constellation.

RED RIVER VALLEY
(Tune: Red River Valley)

To the Red River Valley, we're going,
For to get us some trains and some tracks.
But if I had my say so about it,
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
To the Red River Valley we're going
And I'm flying four in flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as could be.
I lost my wing man round the field,
And the rest augured in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way.
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

To the Valley they say we are going
And many strange sights will we see.
But the one there that held my attention
Was the SAM that they threw up at me.

To the Valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the medal that he earned.
Many jocks have flown into the Valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission
Tonight at the bar BEAK flight will sing
But we're going to the Red River Valley
And today you are flying on my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley
That the MIGs and the SAMs we don't see.
So fly low' and down sun in the Valley
And guard well the ass of BEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the Valley
And the briefing I gave, you don't heed.
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for BEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the Valley
In the States it had always been fun.
But with thunder and lightning all around us
'Twas the last AAR for BEAK One.

When he came to the bridge in the Valley
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun.
For the first to roll in on the target
Was my leader, old BEAK Number One.

Oh he flew through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead.
But he never pulled out of his bomb run
'Twas fatal for another BEAK Lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing
We will sit there and tickle the beads.
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my call sign today is BEAK Lead

SAMMY SMALL (Southeast Asia Style)

Oh, come 'round us, fighter Pilots,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, come 'round us, fighter pilots,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, we fly the God damn plane
Through the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again,
So, fuck 'em all!

Oh, they tell us not to think,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, they tell us not to think,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink,
L.B.J.'s a God damn fink.
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed the Mu Gia Pass,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed the Mu Gia Pass,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed the Mu Gia Pass,
Though we only made one pass,
They really stuck it up our ass.
So, fuck 'em all!

Oh, we're on a J. C. S.,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, we're on a J. C. S.,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing.
So, fuck 'em all!

Oh, we lost our fucking way,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, we lost our fucking way,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, we strafed God damn Hanoi,
Killed every girl and every boy,
What a God damn fucking joy.
So, fuck 'em all!

Oh, my bird got all shot up,
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, my bird it did get shot,
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's shit hot.
So, fuck 'em all!

While I'm swinging in my chute,
Fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute,
Fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot

UP IN THAT VALLEY
(Tune: Down In The Valley)

Up in that valley,
That valley so low.
Where the SAM missiles flourish,
And the 85s glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
The Hanoi railyard,
The bridges at Bac Giang,
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,
The strike pilots flail,
The MIGs try to pounce us,
But they all always fail.

The MIG cap, he hollers,
"There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!" screams the Weasel,
It's better than hell.

The flak is a-bursting
Right next to my hide,
All I can hear is,
"You're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run,
The target's in sight.
"Sweet Jesus" I'm thinking,
"I'd better be right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge
What a beautiful sight.
Oh, shit, I just noticed
An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,
I know I'm not dead.
Please, God, get this old Thud
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past
That old muddy slough,
The Sandy's and Jolly's
Will pull me through

I'm past ninety-seven,
And now I can boast.
The rest I can finish
Just over the coast.

Where tankers don't matter,
Although I must say,
I often have seen it,
Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley,
That valley of grief.
I hope all your flights there
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,
So long to Takhli.
Don't bust your ass, buddy,
I'm going home free.

WINGMAN'S LAMENT

(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it up."
I used my burner and couldn't keep up.
I was dragging behind; it sure ain't no fun,
I said, "Leader, leader, oh please give me one."
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Flying above us were several F-4s,
They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.
They brief in the air and pull other pranks,
Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

We hit Cho Moi and then turned on our run,
The gunners below uncovered their guns.
I tell you the weather up there can change fast,
From clear and fifteen to black overcast.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Lead passed the target before he rolled in,
With 300 knots: a capital sin.
And try though I did, and I tried as I pleased,
I had 400 knots and 20 degrees.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

I rolled in a lit a fresh cigarette.
A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.
A damned golden BB met up with my plane,
Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

P-2 and P-2 fall down through the red,
I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.
The slab and the stick, they soon separated,
By the finger of fate, I have been mated.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

The living at Hilton ain't very good.
I find the quarters as bad as the food.
The waiters, they give us a whole lot of lip,
But we don't have to pay and we don't have to tip.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

So listen, my friends, if you're flying today,
Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I say.
Keep up with your leader, but still, just the same,
You bet your own ass, is the name of the game.
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

I WANT TO PLAY A PIANO

Oh, I want to play piano in a whorehouse
That is but my one desire
Some may want to be bankers
Or farmers out in butte
I just want to play in this house of ill repute

Now you think this strange, my advocating
But cardinal copulation's here to stay
I don't want no fame or riches
I just want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whorehouse

THE FAC WHO NEVER RETURNED

Let me tell you the story of a brave young pilot,
Who served in old Vietnam.
He was the man most hated by the Victor Charlie,
Though he carried not a single bomb.
Well this handsome Captain reported to the Major,
A Forward Air Controller was he.
They gave him an O-1 and sent him into battle,
To see what he could see.
So he climbed into his Cessna and headed into the battle,
With his rockets tucked snug beneath his wing.
When a cry came up from the ground commander,
"Charlie's got us in his ring."

CHORUS

Well did he ever return, no he never returned,
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may lie forever 'neath that Vietnam jungle,
He's the FAC who never returned.

Oh the ceiling was low and the rain was falling,
His Bird Dog was pitching all about.
But he said to that soldier, "No sweat brother,
TAC AIR will get you out."
Soon the fighters arrived, they were F-100's,
They called down to our FAC.
He told them it was rough but to follow his directions,
And this one they could hack.
Now Charlie didn't like the sight of that Bird Dog,
And the bullets began to fly.
He said if that airman brings in those fighters,
Then he is going to die.
(CHORUS)

Oh the leader rolled in and he asked for his target,
The FAC told him where to aim his guns,
Well our daring pilots really smoked those Charlies,
'Till they were on the run.
Yes the battle got hot and it was too much for Charlie,
The soldiers began to shout.
"God bless you fighters for saving our asses,
And driving those VC out."
Well no one noticed that crippled Cessna,
As he made his final bow.
For one of those bullets had found its target,
And Charlie had kept his vow.
(CHORUS)



OSCAR DEUCE

Flying the Oscar Deuce at Patrick was fun,
'Cause I didn't have to go against the guns,
In my little old Oscar Deuce.
The Oscar Deuce is a mighty mean plane,
Making those touch and goes at Plei Djereng,
In my little Oscar Deuce.

CHORUS

The Oscar Deuce, Oscar Deuce,
Lord, the nuts and the bolts, they all come loose,
From my little old Oscar Deuce.

You can make the Oscar Deuce an all weather plane,
It eats thunder and lightning while it bathes in the rain,
My little old Oscar Deuce.
Two TACANs for the breakfast, two inverters for lunch,
Maintenance feels the awful punch,
Of the little old Oscar Deuce.

(CHORUS)

Forty-five hundred foot takeoff roll,
Too much weight and not enough coal,
That's the little old Oscar Deuce.
Seven Willie Petes, two logs, and two flares,
Those nocturnal trail movers better beware,
Of my little old Oscar Deuce.

(CHORUS)

DRAFT DODGER RAG

Well I'm just a typical American boy
From a typical American town
I believe in god and Senator Dodd
And keepen' old Castro down
But when it came my time to serve
I knew better red than dead
So when I got down to my local draft board
Buddy, this is what I said

Well, Sarge I'm only eighteen
Got a ruptured spleen and I always carry a purse
I got eyes like a bat, my feet are flat
And my asthma's getting worse
Consider my career, my sweetheart dear
My poor old invalid aunt
Besides I ain't no fool, I'm going to school
And I'm working in a defense plant

I got a wracked up back and a dislocated disk
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when a bomb shell hits, I get epileptic fits
I'm addicted to 1000 drugs
I got the weakness woes, I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy ever gets close to me
I'll probably start to sneeze

Now I hate Chou Enlai and I'm glad he died
But I think you've gotta see
If someone's gotta go over there
That someone sure ain't me
So I wish you well Sarge, give 'em hell
And kill a 1000 or so
And if you ever find a war without blood and gore
Well I'll be the first to go
Well, Sarge I'm only eighteen.....double time

I FLY THE LINE (Tune: I'll Walk the Line)

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine,
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

Dawn patrol around An Khe is really great.
It's those out of country missions that I hate.
I'll fly and fight anywhere and anytime,
Because they're mine, I fly the line.

Small arms and 37 I don't sweat.
Fifty cal and ZPU are what I fret.
White puffs far away are a good sign,
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

Armed with rockets and binoculars I go.
Out to see what I can see and hope to know.
Where ol' Charlie runs and hides and spends his time,
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

When I find Charlie on the ground I call for air.
Then I roll in to mark when they get there.
Hit my smoke and run in on the east-west line,
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine,
This sector's mine, I fly the line.



NELLIE DARLING (Tune: Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life)

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie Darling,
And the nipples on you tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's the odor of blue ointment 'round your pussy.
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass.

Won't you take it in your hand Mrs. Murphy?
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound.
It has hair on its back like a turkey.
And it spits when you rub it up and down.



30 November 1989, an F-15C from the 12th TFS arrives for DACT

I AM EAGLE
(Tune - I Am Woman)

I am eagle, hear me roar,
I am too big to ignore.
Paint me little, paint me tiny, paint me small.
I can sort and pick and choose,
but some how, I always lose.
I guess it's 'cause I've got no clue at all.
But they said in UPT that the Eagle was for me,
That my hands were made of gold and couldn't fail.
But my radar just went tits,
Oh, my God, ain't this the shits,
I've got Vipers and Aggressors on my tail.

CHORUS

Yes, I am wise, but it's feeling from the pain.
Yes, I've paid the price, but look at what I've gained.
If I have to, I can do anything,
I am large, I am invincible, I am Eagle,
Watch me die.

As I fly the speed of light,
Blowing both ways through the fight,
I know that auto-guns won't let me down.
But I've got no Tally-Ho,
And don't know which way to go,
So I guess it's time to slow this mother down.
But you never really know,
Just which way the flames will go,
When both throttles are placed up against the wall.
So I lie here on my back,
With both engines rolling back,
When my GCI controller says - ATOLL!
(CHORUS)

THE BALL (THE DEATH OF 69.000)

GROUP: 'Twas the night of the King's castration, and the King
was throwing a ball...his left one. Counts, discounts, and no-
counts were seated at the table, shooting camelshit, for bull-
shit was unknown.

QUEEN : Balls!!

GROUP: Cried the Queen

QUEEN: If I had two, I'd be King.

GROUP: The King chuckled, not that he had to, but he had two.
Up rode David on his dashing white steed. Up rode the King
on his diamond studded jockstrap.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Cried David.

KING: She's in bed with diphtheria.

GROUP: Said the King

DAVID: What?

GROUP: Cried David

DAVID: Is that Greek bastard back in town?

GROUP: And he was thrown to the lions for insolence. The lions
rose. David grabbed a lion by the left nut.

LION: That tickles!

GROUP: Said the lion.

DAVID: What tickles?

GROUP: Said David.

LION: Testicles

GROUP: Said the lion. And David was summoned to come forth.
As David came forth, he slipped on some camelshit. Shit flew
at Random. Random ducked, and the shit hit the King in the
face.

KING: SHIT!

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 squatted and groaned.

DAVID: Where's the Princess?

GROUP: Asked David.

KING: Fuck the Princess

GROUP: Said the King. And 69,000 were trampled to death, for
the King's word was law!

HOOTER'S BOYS
(Tune: Pancho and Lefty)

Living in the air, we said,
Gonna make us free and lean.
Now our eyes are hard as iron
Wings upon our chest do gleam.

Fighting hard and flying low,
Anywhere we're sure to go.
We don't think that we will die,
They say it's our foolish pride.

CHORUS

Yes, we are all Hooter's boys,
Jets as fast as polished steel.
War machines strapped to our backs
For all the Fuckin' world to fear.

Some have met their match you know
Bandits, flack and SA-2's.
Nobody heard their dying words,
Ah, but that's the way it goes.

Poets tell how the Phantom flew,
105's, Linebacker Two.
The jungle's quiet, the wind is cold,
Carries the names of the fallen bold.

They all need your prayers it's true,
Save a few for me and you.
We will do what we have to do,
Before we grow too old.
(CHORUS)

THE S&M MAN
(Tune: The Candy Man)

Who can take two ice picks
Stick 'em in her ears
Ride her like a Harley
Till the cum comes out her ears.

CHORUS

The S&M man, The S&M man
The S&M man cause he mixes it with pain
And makes the world feel good!

Who can take your girlfriend
Rip the bitch in two
Fuck the bottom half
And throw the other half to you.
(CHORUS)

Who can take a cheese grater
Strap it to his arm
Ram it up her cunt
And get Vagina Parmesan.
(CHORUS)

Who can take a dead corpse
Plug up all the holes
Fuck it up the ass
Until the cum comes out it's nose.
(CHORUS)

Who can take an aides victim
Tie him to a bus
Drag him through the street
Until his sores start oozin' puss.
(CHORUS)

FOX ONE IN THE FACE
(Tune: Strangers In The Night)

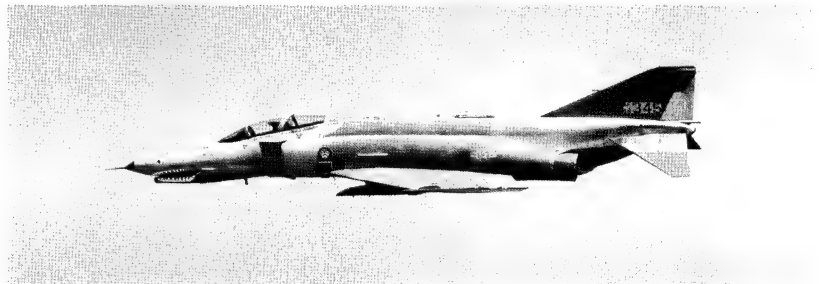
Fox One in the face,
You never saw it.
Fox One in the face,
You really bought it.
At the merge today
We blew your shit away.

Then we came back around,
You had no SA.
GCI was down,
We came back to play.
Heaters and gun shots
We finished off the rest.

Fighter jocks at night,
Hero's for hire.
Fighter jocks at night,
Our hairs on fire.

But when the sun goes down,
We'll all be downtown.
Drinking with your wives and girlfriends,
While you mend your little ego's

Next time that we meet, there'll be no questions.
Who you'll have to beat, in any action.
No one fucks or fights,
Like fighter jocks at night.



MY WARTHOG LIES OVER THE OCEAN

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

My Warthog flies over the ocean,
It takes the best part of a day.
It took us eight hours to Lajes,
And that's barely half of the way!

CHORUS

Warthog, Warthog, why is it so hard
To make you go?
Warthog, Warthog, why are you so
Goddamn slow?

We launched in the darkness from Myrtle,
We joined with the tankers at four.
They had to slow down to stay with us,
My God! You're a slow bloody whore!
(CHORUS)

We finally made it to Lajes,
Our jet lag had all gone away.
We arrived at the same time we'd started,
Except that it was the next day!
(CHORUS)

I raced with a Cessna 150,
Who thought his was slower than mine.
I looked down to see a broke mini,
Leave us in dust trails behind!

MY HUSBAND'S A COLONEL

(Tune: Sing a Little Bit)

My husband's a Colonel, a Colonel, a Colonel.
A very fine Colonel is he!
All day he fucks off, he fucks off, he fucks off,
At night he comes home and fucks me.

CHORUS

Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band, follow the band, follow the band.
Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band, come join in our happy song.

An L/C...chews ass...chews me...(Chorus)
A Major...screws up...screws me...(Chorus)
A Captain...kisses ass...kisses me...(Chorus)
A Lieutenant...eats shit...eats me...(Chorus)
An MAC Puke...bores holes...bores me...(Chorus)
A Tanker Clown...pumps gas...pumps me...(Chorus)
A Juvat...beats mud...beats off...(Chorus)



RHINO'S IN THE SKY

(Tune: Ghostriders in the Sky)

The Hooters went to Thunder in Rhino's two by two.
They're here to kick some Gomer ass and beat 'em black and blue.
They don't have Mike's or Lima's, and their radars sure are old.
But when the dust all settles, their story will be told.

Chorus

Rhino's away, Rhino's away...Hooters in the Sky!

They took off in the morning calm, Their engines pouring smoke.
They met the Gomers beak-to-beak, and said "let's go for broke."
They wrapped it up, they spit 'em out, and let they're missiles fly.
The Gomers only recourse was kill-remove and die!

(Chorus)

The Gomers landed back at Clark, they bitched, and moaned, and cursed.
They said that we had cheated, Their egos had been burst.
But when the debrief ended, and all was said and done.
The Rhino's really kicked some ass, and hadn't lost a one!
(CHORUS)

The moral of the story, you Gomers have to learn.
When you mess with Rhino's, you're surely gonna burn.
And stealing Johnny Rotten, just makes us Hooters mean.
'Cause when you make a Rhino mad, it's one bad ass machine!
(CHORUS)



MASTURBATION

(Tune: Finicule Finecula)

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice

Oh, you should see me pulling on the long strokes
It felt so neat, I used my feet
Oh, you should see me pulling on the short strokes
It felt so grand, I used my hand

BEAT IT, SMASH IT, THROWIT ON THE FLOOR
WRAP IT, AROUND THE BEDPOST, SLAM IT IN THE DOOR
SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK IT'S GREAT TO FORNICATE
BUT I WOULD RATHER STAY AT HOME AT NIGHT AND MASTURBATE!!

CREAM, CREAM. CREAM
(Tune: Dream, Dream, Dream)

Creaeam
Cream, Cream, Cream
Creaeam
Cream, Cream, Cream

When I want you, in the night
My balls are blue, cause you're so tight,
When ever I have you
All I want to do,
Is creaeam, in your mouth.
Creaeam, in your mouth.
I can make you mine, in a sixty-nine
Any time, night or day
The only trouble is, Gee Wiz,
I'm throwing my paycheck away.

I want you so, that I could die
I need you so, and that is why
When ever I have you
All I want to do
Is creaeam, in your mouth
Creaeam, in your mouth,
Cream..

PUBIC HAIRS
(Tune: Baby face)

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs
There's nothing on this earth that can compare
With pubic hairs.
Penis or vagina, nothing on this earth is finer
Pubic hairs, I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear
I didn't need a shove, to take a mouthful of
Your cutest pubic hair.

OSCAR DEUCE

Flying the Oscar Deuce at Patrick was fun,
'Cause I didn't have to go against the guns,
In my little old Oscar Deuce.
The Oscar Deuce is a mighty mean plane,
Making those touch and goes at Plei Djereng,
In my little Oscar Deuce.

CHORUS

The Oscar Deuce, Oscar Deuce,
Lord, the nuts and the bolts, they all come loose,
From my little old Oscar Deuce.

You can make the Oscar Deuce an all weather plane,
It eats thunder and lightning while it bathes in the rain,
My little old Oscar Deuce.
Two TACANs for the breakfast, two inverters for lunch,
Maintenance feels the awful punch,
Of the little old Oscar Deuce.
(CHORUS)

Forty-five hundred foot takeoff roll,
Too much weight and not enough coal,
That's the little old Oscar Deuce.
Seven Willie Petes, two logs, and two flares,
Those nocturnal trail movers better beware,
Of my little old Oscar Deuce.
(CHORUS)

LILLY WHITE KIDNEY WIPER

Oh, the duchess was a dressing,
Dressing for the ball,
When out the window she did spy him,
A pissing on the wall.

(CHORUS)

With his lily white kidney wiper,
And balls the size of these.
And a half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knees.
Hanging down (What a prick),
Hanging down (Inches thick).
With a half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging' down below his knees.

So, she wrote to him a letter,
And in it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by you,
Than my husband any day.
(CHORUS)

So, he mounted on his charger,
And on it he did ride,
With his balls slung over his shoulder,
And his cock down by his side.
(CHORUS)

Oh, he rode into the courtyard,
He rode onto the hall,
"My God," cried the butler,
"He's come to fuck us all."
(CHORUS)

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen,
He fucked the maid in the hall,
But when he fucked the butler,
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all.
(CHORUS)

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor,
He fucked them in the beds,
"Lord save us," cried the chambermaids,
We've lost our maidenheads.
(CHORUS)

Then he mounted on his charger,
And rode into the streets,
With little drops of seamen,
Pitter-patter at his feet.
(CHORUS)

Oh, they say he went to heaven,
Some say he went to hell,
They say he fucks the Devil,
And I know he fucks him well!
(CHORUS)

I'M AN ASSHOLE

I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole,
I'm an asshole, yes, I am'
But I'd rather be an asshole,
Than fly the F-15!

Oh, the nipples on her tits are as big as plums.
And the wiggle in her walk will make a dead man cum.
She's a mean motherfucker, and a great cocksucker,
She's my girl, she FUCKS!!!

NECROPHILIA SONG

My name is Jack, diddle um, diddle um,
I'm a necrophiliac, diddle um, diddle um,
I fuck dead women, diddle um, diddle um,
And I fill them full of seamen, diddle um, diddle um,
Sometimes I get frustrated, diddle um, diddle um,
When people get cremated, diddle um, diddle um,
A burial is a must, diddle um, diddle um,
Because you can't fuck dust, diddle um, diddle um.

NEVER FLY IN THE A SHAU ON SUNDAY

Never fly in the a Shau on Sunday,
That fills my heart with dread.
For Charlie selects his best gunners,
To fill the sky with lead.

Many a hot fighter pilot,
Has pulled off a dive bomb pass.
With both 750s on target, friend,
And Charlie still hosing his ass.

Oh, why is it always on Sunday,
That Charlie is hosing us down?
And he can never zap us on weekdays,
When he mans his guns with clowns.

The answer, my friends, is apparent,
Those gunners are the best that he's got.
For Reservists all train on weekends,
And Reservists are always shit hot.

FLICKERING MATCH (Tune: Silvery Moon)

By the light,
Of the flickering match,
I saw her snatch,
In the watermelon patch.
Oh yeah.

By the light,
Of the flickering match,
I saw her gleam,
I heard her scream,
You're burning my snatch!
With your goddamn match!

I'M AN ASSHOLE

I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole,
I'm an asshole, yes, I am'
But I'd rather be an asshole,
Than fly the F-15!

BLACK KNIGHTS OVER THE RHEIN

(Tune: Strangers In The Night)

Fox Two in the face, you never saw it.
Fox Two in the face, you really bought it,
At the merge today,
We blew your shit away,
When we came back 'round you had no SA.
GCI was down, we came back to play.
Aim-9 and gun shots,
We finished all the rest.

Black Knights from the Rhein, heroes for hire.
Black Knights from the stein, our hair's on fire.
When the sun goes down, we'll all be downtown,
Drinkin' with your wives and girlfriends,
While you mend your little egos.

Next time that we meet, they'll be no questions.
Who you'll have to beat in the action.
No one fucks or fights like the Black Knights from the Rhein.

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die,
I've had a belly full of war.
You can save those bloody zeros for the other goddamn heroes
Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses.
I wanted wings 'till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames, while the rest go down in flames,
I've no desire to be burned.
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants,
I am not a fighter I have learned.
You can save those mitsunitches for those other sons-of-bitches,
'Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be shot down in a Grumman,
I wanted wings 'till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore

Now I don't care to tour over Berlin or the Rhur,
Flak always makes me lose my lunch.
I get an urge to pray, when they holler, "Bombs away,"
I'd rather be at home with the bunch.
For there's one thing you can't laugh off, and that's when they shoot your ass off,
For I'd rather be at home, buster, with my ass than with a cluster, buster,
I wanted wings 'till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow,
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew.
The rumor has it next, they'll be dehydrating sex,
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through.
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back of strangers,
But when I get home late, I want my women straight.
I wanted wings 'till I got the goddamn things.
Now I don't want them anymore.

Now the day we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes,
I always smoke one for my gut.
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one,
Oh, what I'd give to have a butt.
Now, the home front may be pitching, but I still will do my bitching,
'Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some nookie.
I wanted wings 'till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.



Takeoff in sequence from the Singal Highway Strip Team Spirit 77

ARGIE WIDOW SONG

(Sung by the RAF in the Falkland Islands)

(Tune: What do you do with a drunken sailor)

What do you do with an argentinean (3 x)

Early in the morning

(1) nuke nuke nuke the bastards (3 x)

early in the morning

What do you do with an a-4 skyhawk (3 x)

Early in the morning

(2) smash 'em in the gob with a skyflash missile (3 x)

early in the morning

(+ 1)

What do you do you do with a mirage iii (3 x)

Early in the morning

(3) shoot 'em in the shitter with an aim-9 lima (3 x)

early in the morning

(+ 2, 1)

What do you do with a pucarara (3 x)

Early in the morning

(4) strafe 'em on the ground before they're airborne (3 x)

early in the morning

(+3, 2, 1)

What do you do with an argie widow (3 x)

Early in the morning

(5) kill their sons and rape their daughters! (3 x)

early in the morning

(+4, 3, 2, 1)

THESE THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere,

A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,

Ejaculations in my glass of beer,

These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Liberace

The way you softly whisper suck-a-hatchi,

Syphilitic scars that make your face so blotchy,

These foolish things remind me of you.

A pubic hair in my breakfast roll,

The smelly odor of your pungent hole,

The way you wrap your thighs around my pole,

These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street,

A bloody Kotex in the rumble seat,

I love my poontang but I beat my meat,

These foolish things remind me of you.

RB DOUBLE A BRAVO

CHORUS

Well I'm an RB Double A Bravo and I fly the F-16,
It's better than sex and mom's apple pie,
It's the meanest jet you've ever seen.
It'll kick the shit out of Fishbeds, Foxbats, Floggers, and the F-15,
I'm an RB Double A Bravo and I fly the F-16.

Well, I once checked at 6 an F-5 echo at 17 thousand feet.
He was loaded down with 20 millimeter and Aim-9 J and P.
I laid a bat turn down his throat and shot him in his two front teeth,
And I heard him shout from the fireball, "Damn, I just can't stand the heat!"

(CHORUS)

Well I've got a friend up at Spang and he flies the ego jet,
He called me up said "Come on up, you ain't seen nothen' yet."
So I kicked the tires and lit the fires and over the Rhein we met,
And in 22 seconds he called me up and wanted to change the bet.
(CHORUS)

There's a squadron at South Korea and the Flying Fiends is their name,
Flying and fighting and drinking and singing and killing is their game.
They'll fly real fast and they'll kick thier ass and they'll put them all to shame,
With their iron will and their deadly skill they'll send them down in flames.
(CHORUS)

Now if Kim Chong Il ever decides to fight and I kinda think he'll try,
The 36 Fiends and LtCol Gumby, will teach those commies how to die.
Us and the AMRAAM and the 'lectric jet will more than fit the bill,
We'll chase his ass from hell to breakfast and kick his ass for drill.
(CHORUS)

We're RB Double A Bravos and we fly the F-16.

WASTIN NODAKS WITH ALL MY GBUS

(Tune: Margaritaville)

Strappin' on my jet, break into a cool sweat,
Look out Chonger, I'm headed your way.
My bombs you can't hinder, cause soon I will render,
Total destruction so you better hang on.

CHORUS

Wastin' NODAKs again with all my GBUs.
Shootin MIGs down 3 to 6 at a time. (Harrumph, Harrumph)
Some people claim that the Fiends aren't humane,
Well you know...it's all Chonger's fault.

Searchin' for the Low Blow, gonna be a late show,
Fiends never miss so here's a Harrumph!
Feel the Fiends fury, NODAKs don't worry,
In 36 seconds your shaft is a grave.

(CHORUS)

I'm back in the squadron, Colt still ain't talking,
So I go bench press without any gloves.
Hear Gumby talkin', he never stops squawkin',
What he said I haven't a clue.
(CHORUS)

Lookin for midgets, I can't find no midgets,
Nothing to fear we have one of our own.
This dude is no beauty, he get right down surly,
Please take us Tug to your midget show.

FINAL CHORUS

Wastin' away again and drinkin' beer at Quent's
Searching for that lost midget show.
Some people claim that the Fiends are insane,
But we all know...the Fiends rule the show!





FIVE FOOT TWO

Five foot two, eyes of black,
But god how they can put up the flak.
Has anyone seen my chute?

Chained to the gun, so they can't run,
But oh how they can hose my Hun.
Has anyone seen my chute?

Thirty-seven, twenty-three,
Great big bullets going by me.
Has anyone seen my chute?

Now if you go up there,
Better prepare for walking back home.
It's quite far to the bar,
When you're down up by Tchepone.

But I'll fly far, and I'll fly near,
Just as long as I don't hear,
Beeper, beeper, come up voice, you mother fuckers,
Beeper, beeper, come up voice.

MU GHIA

Mu Ghia, I just dropped a bomb in Mu Ghia.
And suddenly those slopes,
Those silly fucking dopes,
Are dead.
Mu ghia, a Mark-84 in Mu Ghia,
Guided into the pit,
Right on his head.
Mu Ghia, say it loud, there's music playing.
Bombs go off and the slopes are dead,
Mu Ghia, Mu Ghia, Mu Ghia, Mu Ghia

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tidily winks young man, get a woman if you can,
If you can't get a woman get a clean old man.
From the lofty heights of Malta to the shores of old Gibraltar,
Can you do the double shuffle with your balls in a can?

Do your balls hang low, can you swing 'em to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you throw 'em over your shoulder, like a European soldier?
Can you do the double shuffle, do your balls hang low?

Do your balls hang tight, can you hide 'em in a fight,
Can you tuck 'em 'neath your arm, can you keep 'em out of sight?
Are they tough enough to buckle, another man's hard knuckles,
Can you do the double shuffle, do your balls hang tight?

Do your balls hang loose, as loose as a goose,
Can you slide 'em down the hall, can you bounce 'em off a wall?
Does it really make you stammer when you hit 'em with a hammer,
Can you do the double shuffle, do your balls hang loose?

Do your balls hang down, way down to the ground,
Can you slide 'em on the ice, can you crack 'em in a vice?
Does it make your breath come quick when you stick 'em with a prick,
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang down?

(Tune: As the Caissons Go Rolling Along)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants,
When the end of the month rolls around.

CHORUS

For it's hi, hi, hey, in the Kotex factory,
Super, junior, band-aid.
For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow,
When the end of the month rolls around. (Keep 'em bleeden')
When the end of the month rolls around.

You know she'll be horny when she's on the cotton pony,
When the end of the month rolls around.
If she's acting pretty sad, you'll know she's on the pad,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

If you're looking like the joker, then you'd better not poker,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can feel from her loin that she's leaking hemoglobin,
When the end of the month rolls around.

(CHORUS)

You'd better give it up the rump or you'll have a bloody stump,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell from the taste that it isn't salmon paste,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

You can tell by the string that there's something up her thing,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the bed that her little pussy bled,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

You can tell from the sight that the taste will have a bite,
When the end of the month rolls around.
Your can tell by the feel that she's starting to congeal,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell from the stain that you hit a major strain,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

You'll see a lot of blood when you pull out your pud,
When the end of the month rolls around.
If the smell is really heinous, you'll have to use her anus,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

You can tell by the stress that she's having PMS,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell that she's sick from the color of your dick,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

She'll be dry and really tight by the end of the night,
When the end of the month rolls around.
She'll bleed on your rug when you pull out your plug,
When the end of the month cums around.

(CHORUS)

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
So let's have a party!

We're gonna tear down the bar in our club.
And then build a new bar.
It's only gonna be one foot wide.
But it'll be a MILE long.
There'll be no bartenders at our bar.
We're gonna have barmaids.
'Our barmaids will wear long skirts.
And no BLOUSES.
You can't take our barmaids home.
They'll take you home.
You can't sleep with our barmaids.
They won't let you sleep.
Beer's gonna be fifty cents a glass.
Whiskey's free.
Only one drink to a customer.
Served in buckets.
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river.
Then we'll all go swimming.
No girls allowed above the first floor.
With their clothes on.
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor.
And there'll be no dancing on the lovin' floor.

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Parties make the world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
So let's have a party!



Metz (Fiends only 3-Time Mayor)



FLICKERING MATCH (Tune: Silvery Moon)

By the light,
Of the flickering match,
I saw her snatch,
In the watermelon patch.
Oh yeah.

By the light,
Of the flickering match,
I saw her gleam,
I heard her scream,
You're burning my snatch!
With your goddamn match!



HERE'S TO OLD UDORN

Well, here's to old Udorn, what a hell of a place,
The way that it's run is a fucking disgrace.
Captains and Majors and Light Colonels too,
Thumbs up their assholes with nothing to do.

They rant and they rave and they scream and they shout,
About lots of things they know nothing about.
For all they are worth boys they might as well be,
Shoveling shit on the isle of Capri.

When this war is over, I'm going back home,
Back to my true love and never more roam.
To hell with old Udorn and her misery,
To hell with old Udorn and all her VD.

It's up in the morning and to the latrine,
The worst case of clap that I ever have seen.
I've got it bad, boys, but I'm telling you,
Budda's been short coming, he's got it too.

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

(Tune: SINK THE BISMARCK)

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say,
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind,
We'll take the air without a care and you will never mind.

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind,
Oh, come and join the Air Force,
And you sure will never mind.

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer.
But just when you're about to be a General, you'll find,
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will never mind.
(CHORUS)

And when you loop and spin her with an awful tear,
You find yourself without your wings, but you will never care.
For in about two minutes more, another pair you'll find,
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind.
(CHORUS)



THE BALLAD OF LUPEE

Down in Cunt Valley, where Red Rivers flow.
Where cocksuckers flourish and whore mongers roam,
There lives a young maiden, that I do adore.
She's my Hot Fuckin', Cocksuckin' Mexican Whore.

CHORUS

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll gnaw at your nuts,
She'll suck you till you think she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs around you till you think you'll die,
I'd rather eat Lupee, than blueberry pie.

She gave her first piece at the ripe age of eight,
While swinging upon the old garden gate.
The crossbar went down, and the upright went in,
And ever since then, she's been living in sin.

I was down in Songtan, out drinking one night,
I was hitting the high spots and doing all right.
There I saw a floor show with Lupee the star,
She was fuckin' a Major on top of the bar.

(CHORUS)

Her knees were all bloody, he had sores on his toes,
Sweat poured from his balls and it dripped from his nose.
From Lupee the laughter was pouring in peals,
As she clawed him and pounded his ass with her heels.
(CHORUS)

Said Lupee disgusted "Ain't none of you cocks,
That can fuck for ten minutes without blowing your rocks?"
She stood there defiant with a gleam in her eye,
As a long lanky flyboy unbuttoned his fly.
(CHORUS)

Her gleam didn't wilt when he showed her his cock,
It was seventeen inches from bottom to top.
Said he "Stand back, gentlemen and let me through,
Cause this is where Lupee meets her Waterloo!"
(CHORUS)

Now Lupee, dear Lupee lies dead in her tomb
And worms crawl out of her decomposed womb
The smile on her face is a mute cry for more
She's my Hot Fuckin', Cocksuckin' Mexican Whore.
(CHORUS)

A QUICK SONG

Oh, the nipples on her tits are as big as plums.
And the wiggle in her walk will make a dead man cum.
She's a mean motherfucker, and a great cocksucker,
She's my girl, she FUCKS!!!

I KNOW A GIRL FROM ARKANSAS

I know a girl from Arkansas, honey, honey.
I know a girl from Arkansas, babe, babe.
I know a girl from Arkansas,
She can take you balls and all,
Honey, oh baby, mine.

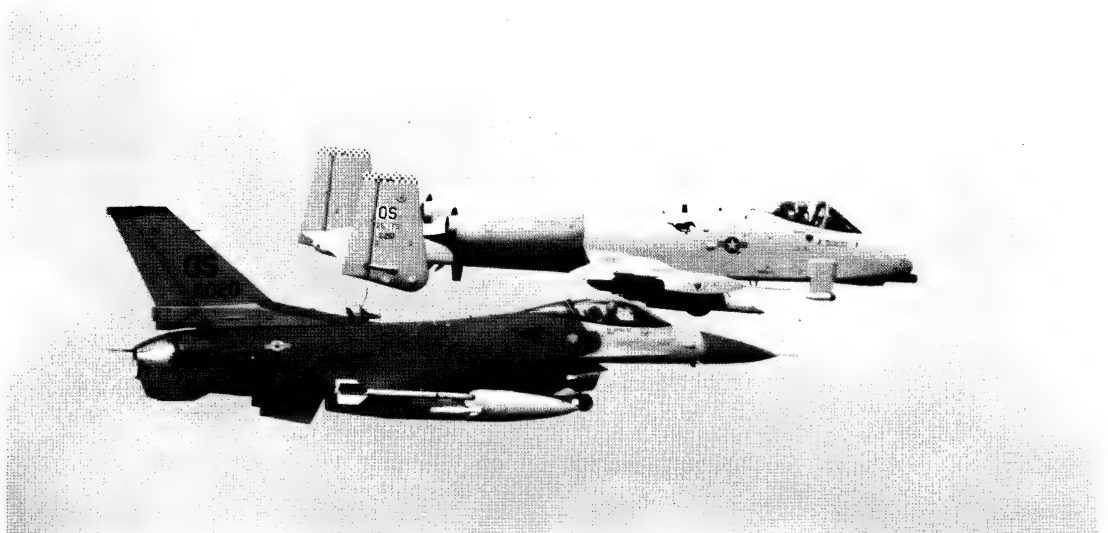
I know a girl from ole Kentuck, honey, honey.
I know a girl from ole Kentuck, babe, babe.
I know a girl from ole Kentuck,
She can't cook, but she sure can fuck,
Honey, oh baby, mine.

I know a girl all dressed in red, honey, honey.
I know a girl all dressed in red, babe, babe.
I know a girl all dressed in red,
She makes her living in a bed,
Honey, oh baby, mine.

I know a girl all dressed in black, honey, honey.
I know a girl all dressed in black, babe, babe.
I know a girl all dressed in black,
She makes her living on her back,
Honey, oh baby, mine.

If I die on the Russian front, honey, honey.
If I die on the Russian front, babe, babe.
If I die on the Russian front,
Bury me with a Russian cunt,
Honey, oh baby, mine.

I know a girl who lives on a hill, honey, honey.
I know a girl who lives on a hill, babe, babe.
I know a girl who lives on a hill,
She won't do it but her mother will,
Honey, oh baby, mine.



THE WHOREHOUSE QUARTET

Well...she burped and she farted, and she shit on the floor,
And the gas from her ass blew the knob off the door,
And the moon shined bright on the nipple of her tit,
As she carved her initials in a bag of shit.

CHORUS

Sung by the Whorehouse Quartet,
Do you have a hard on—not yet.
Are you gonna get one—you bet!
You fucker you.

Well...she looked so fair in the midnight air,
As the wind blew up her nightie,
Her tits hung loose like the balls on a goose,
And I yelled, "Jesus Christ almighty!"

(CHORUS)

Well...she jumped in bed and covered up her head,
And swore I couldn't find her.
I knew damn well she was lying like hell,
So I jumped in right behind her.

(CHORUS)

Well...she flipped and we flopped, and I landed on top,
And started my organ grinder.
She wouldn't turn loose, so I turned on the juice,
And now I got a baby ten-pounder.

(CHORUS)

COVER OF THE WEAPONS REVIEW

(Tune: Cover of the Rolling Stone)

Well, we're Viper jocks, we got ten inch cocks,
And we're loved everywhere we go.
We fly for beauty and we fly for truth, we make them Gomers glow.
We got all kinda thrills, we'll make you all kinda ill, but the trill we'll
never know,
Is the thrill that'll get ya when ya get your picture,
On the cover of the Weapons Review.

CHORUS

Weapons Review—gonna see my picture on the cover,
Weapons Review—gonna buy five copies for my mother,
Weapons Review—gonna see my smilin' face,
On the cover of the Weapons Review.
On the cover of the Weapons Review.

Well we fly F-16s and if they give us a war,
We'll kill everything we see.
In my freaky ole cosmic Viper, I'll fly down beneath the trees.
We got all the things, that money can buy, but the thing they'll never do,
Is put our mugs, on the front page cover,
Of the latest Fighter Weapons Review.
(CHORUS)

In our F-16s, we will be somebody
With 12,000 pounds of gas.
Gonna punch my tanks off, get my heater cooking, Mach 1-4 at the
pass.
And when I pitch back right, that Gomer's filled with fright, as I blow his
shit in two.
But after all this glory, they give me no damn story,
In the fucking Fighter Weapons Review.
(CHORUS)



F-16s over the Yellow Sea

THE STORY OF HEINZ C. CORNS

Once there was an F-4 jock
By the name of Heinz C. Corns.
Heinz was long and lank and mean
A man of very few words.

Heinz was a GIB who knew his trade
In bombs and strafe and CAP.
He could navigate his AC
To any place on the map.

Heinz's AC was Leo Hicks,
Field Grade and debonair.
But he wouldn't go to Route Pack 6
Unless old Heinz was there.

Leo said, "I've got a red-hot GIB,
Who really knows his stuff.
If you play poker with Heinz C. Corns,
Don't ever call his bluff."

They rained bombs and CBU
All over North Vietnam.
Gettin' shot at with Triple A guns,
And Uncle Ho's MIGs and SAMs.

All the way from the bridge at Kep,
To Bac Man and Phu Yen.
And all the way cross the top side of Route Pack 1,
Down the hills and back again.

Leo Hicks was the chief honcho,
A Mig Flights valiant man.
Heinz C. Corns was Leo's GIB,
And he saved ol' Leo's skin.

He took Leo to Route Pack 6,
More times than he likes to say.
Heinz C. Corn's the reason that Leo's
Alive and well today.

Well the bear don't roam in the woods no more,
He's a FAC down at Fort Hood.
And Heinz C. Corns is a new AC,
And I'm sure he'll do quite good.

If there ever is time in the years that come,
When Heinz and Leo meet,
Heinz you tell him "I'll fly on your wing,
But never in your back seat."

FRIGGIN' ON THE RIGGIN'

Aboard the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed and the mast an upright penis.

CHORUS

Friggin' on the riggin', friggin' on the riggin'
Friggin' on the riggin', there's fuck-all else to do.

The Captain was a lugger, by god he was a bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit from one place to another.
(CHORUS)

The first mate's name was Morgan, by God he was a gorgon,
Ten times a day he used to play upon his sexual organ.
(CHORUS)

The second mate was Andy, he was so young and randy,
They boiled his bun in steaming rum for coming in the brandy.
(CHORUS)

The midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper,
He filled his ass with broken glass to circumcise the skipper.
(CHORUS)

The quartermaster was Pember, he had a crashing member,
On a night of frost, himself he tossed before a glowing ember.
(CHORUS)

The bosun's name was Walker, he really was a corker,
The filthy man was on the lam for dalliance with a porker.
(CHORUS)

The Captain's wife was Mabel, whenever she was able,
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table.
(CHORUS)

Once in a drunken frolic, the bosun lost the bollock,
With foul intent, on Mabel bent, he impaled her on the rowlock.
(CHORUS)

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water,
Delighted squeals, revealed that eels, had found her sexual quarter.
(CHORUS)

The ship's dog's name was Rover, by god he was in clover,
We ground and ground, that faithful hound, from Tenereefe to Dover.
(CHORUS)

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces,
They took to friggin' in the riggin' for want of better places.
(CHORUS)

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station,
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk caused by mutual masturbation.
(CHORUS)





22 March 1990

STRAFING IN A MOUNTAIN PASS

Strafing in a mountain pass
 Couldn't make the turn,
 Twelve tons of Thunderjet,
 Watch that bastard burn.

We've fought the MIGs at Kunure,
 We fought at Sinafee,
 They nailed us down at Kyomipo,
 And we lost quite a few.

We flew these birds from old K-2,
 Six thousand feet they said,
 Don't ask a 49'er boys,
 The Bastards are all dead.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE

Would you like to sit on my face?
 Spread your ass all over the place?
 Stick my nose in a fragrant place?
 ...Or would you rather suck my hog????



Commando Sling '98



KHARTOUM

We're leaving Khartoum, by the light of the moon,
We're sailing by night and by day.
We pass Kasapries, we got fuck all to eat,
We've thrown all our rations away.

Shire, shire, Somerset shire,
The skipper looks on her with pride.
But he'd have a blue fit if he saw all the shit.
That we left on the Somerset shire.

This is my story, this is my song,
I've been in the Air Force too fucking long.
So bring on the Rodney, the Nelson renown,
They can't bring the hood 'cause the bastard's gone down.
Sail away, sail away,
And we'll fuck all the SP's that come our way.

Now fighten' and fucken' are my one delight,
I once fucked a maiden twelve times in a night.
And each time I fucked her, I cum near a quart,
If you don't call that fucking you fucking well ought.
Sail away, sail away,
And we'll fuck all the SP's that come our way.

MOVING ON

(Tune: Moving On)

Hear the pitter patter of little feet,
It's the goddamn Khmer in full retreat.
They're movin' on, they'll soon be gone,
They're burning gas and hauling ass, they're moving on.

See Luke the gook running down the trail,
Playing burp gun boogie on the ARVN's tail.
He's moving on, he'll soon be gone,
He's burning gas and hauling ass, he's moving on.

See the old momma-san walking down the track,
With a G. I. Baby strapped on her back.
She's moving on, she'll soon be gone,
She's burning gas and hauling ass, she's moving on.

See the old pappa-san he thinks he's keen,
He's walking off with my tape machine.
He's moving on, he'll soon be gone,
He's burning gas and hauling ass, he's moving on.

Hear the pitter patter of little feet,
It's the goddamn Khmer in full retreat.
They're moving on, they'll soon be gone,
They're burning gas and hauling ass, they're moving on.

BLOOD UPON THE RISERS

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

He was just a rookie trooper and he surely shook with fright,
As he checked all his equipment and made sure his pack was tight.
He had to sit and listen to those awful engines roar,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

"Is everybody happy?" cried the sergeant looking up,
Our hero feebly answered "yes" and then they stood him up.
He jumped into the icy blast, his static line unhooked,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

(CHORUS)

He counted loud, he counted long, he waited for the shock,
He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the awful drop.
The canopy became a shroud, he hurtled to the ground,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

(CHORUS)

The risers swung around his neck, connectors cracked his dome,
Suspension lines were tied in knots around his skinny bones.
The silk from his reserve spilled out and wrapped around his legs,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

(CHORUS)

The days he lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind,
The thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind.
The thought about the medics, he wondered what they'd find,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

(CHORUS)

The jeeps were running wild, the medics clapped their hands,
Rolled up their sleeves and smiled, for it had been
A week or more, since last a chute had failed.
He ain't gonna jump no more

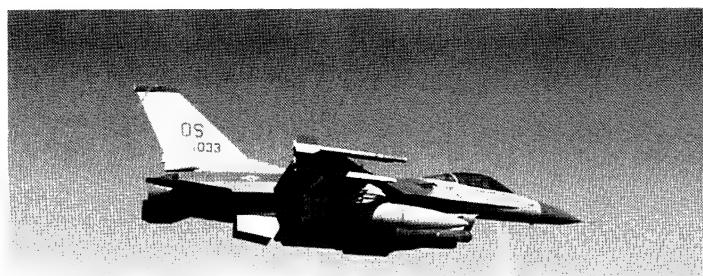
(CHORUS)

He hit the ground, the sound went splat, the blood went spurting high,
His buddies all were heard to say, "A helluva way to die."
He lay there rolling on the ground, in the welter of his gore,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

(CHORUS)

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the chute,
Intestines were a'dangling from his paratroopers suit.
The medic gently picked him up, and poured him from his boots,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

(CHORUS)



ARMED RECCE

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

In the skies of Southeast Asia
Where the fighter pilots dwell
There's a mission that you fly a lot
You get to know it well

They call it Armed Reconnaissance
You fly it fast and low
In the southern part of Package One
That's known as Tally-Ho

You're briefed on the defenses
All along the route you'll fly
You're scared but still you've got to go
And so you take the sky

You get pre strike refueling
And you take your flight on down
Cross the coast at butterfly
And start to move around

You're headed north up route 1A
The road looks clean and bare
But a truck is mighty hard to see
From one mile in the air

You know you'll have to take it down
Though your heart is in your mouth
Now dead ahead's the ferry
That's the point you'll turn back south

And suddenly your heart stops
As you see the thing you dread
Triple A is coming up
And it fills the sky ahead

You fake the turn to the left
And then you break hard and right
Your wing man's in with CBU
And it's a pretty sight

And now your headed South again
And really moving round
To make a harder target
For the gunners on the ground

And then you see the convoy sitten'
Still beside the road
Arm up all your switches
And prepare to drop your load

Touch off the afterburners
And pop up in the sun
But keep the convoy in your sight
And start to make your run

Then the gunners start to shoot again
You see the flak ahead
Then it's bursting all around you
And the sky is filled with lead



*Col Sandrock preflights his F-4 prior to takeoff from the Sin Gal Highway Strip
SanSandrock preflights his aircraft prior to launch after landing at the Sing Gal Highway
Strip Team Spirit 77*



SIT ON MY FACE

(Tune: Swing On A Star)

Oh would you like to sit on my face,
Spread your ass all over the place,
Put my tongue in your favorite place?
Or would you rather...
Suck my pud?
Lop my mule?
Eat my lizard?

Would you like to sit on my face,
Spread your cheeks all over the place,
Stick your clit up onto my nose?
Or would you rather suck my hose?

A hose is an animal with one big red eye,
Its favorite dessert is a big hair pie,
It looks like candy and it tastes so sweet.
Or would you rather...
Beat my meat?
Lop my mule?
Stroke my dolphin?
Or would you rather fuck?

LEPROSY

(Tune: Yesterday)

Leprosy, all my skin is falling off of me,
I'm not half the man I used to be,
Why did I get leprosy?

Syphilis, it only started with a simple kiss,
Now it even hurts to take a piss,
Oh why did I get syphilis?

Why her box was sick I don't know,
She wouldn't say.
Now my dripping dick won't get thick,
Like yesterday!

Yesterday, my dick was always coming out to play.
Now it needs two weeks to hide away,
Oh I believe in yesterday...

WHEN THE SHRIKES COME SAILING IN

(Tune: When the Saints Come Marching In)

Oh when the Shrikes, come sailing in,
Oh when the Shrikes, come sailing in.
Then you'll know, that were on station,
When the Shrikes come sailing in.

Oh when the blips, bloom on your scope,
Oh when the blips, bloom on your scope.
You'll sweat cause you know that we're out there,
When the blips bloom on your scope.

Oh when the Harms, come raining down,
Oh when the Harms, come raining down.
You'll know that we have found you,
When the Harms come raining down.

Oh when the cubes, beat on your skull,
Oh when the cubes, beat on your skull.
Then you'll learn the Warhawk motto,
"If your radar's up your assad1"

NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

17 kids in a free fire zone,
Hand in hand they're all walking home.
Last child he walks home alone,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Deadly cobras on the rise.
Armed and ready no surprise,
Killing gooks is macho cool,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Little child sucking on her momma's tit,
Next to them is a burning pit.
Dow Chemical don't give a shit,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Peaceful village at the end of the day,
Got to increase that BDA.
Hideous screams and burning flesh,
Napalm sticks to kids,

Get down close to see your work,
Watch 'em run, you just smirk.
Drop those cans on a VC jerk,
Napalm sticks to kids.

BRASSIERE

Brassiere, you hold the things I love so dear,
But when you stick them in my ear,
It sends my heart in second gear, brassiere...

Your thighs, when parted right between my eyes,
It's only then I realize,
I have a rise in my Levis, your thighs...

Rhythm

(Bass) cunt, fuck, cunt, fuck (repeat for entire song)
(Rhythm #1) suck that tit, bite that nipple off (repeat)
(Rhythm #2) stick it in and pull it out again (repeat)

THE LITTLE BIRD

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd,
Sitting on a telephone pole.

As he ruffled up his neck,
He shit about a peck,
He puckered up his little asshole.

Asshole, Asshole,
Asshole, Asshole,
He puckered up his little asshole.





MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

CHORUS

Why do the drums go, boom-ti-boom-titty
Why do the drums go, boom-ti-boom-titty
Why do the drums go, boom-ti-boom-titty
Why do the drums go, boom-ti-boom

Well I had a little girl and I loved her so
But the funk from her drawers, knocked the knob off the door
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

Well I took her to the base to watch the planes fly
But the Funk from her drawers, knocked the planes from the sky
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

Well I took her to the bank just to check the till,
But the funk from her drawers knocked the green off the bills
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the store, just to buy some cheese
But the funk from her drawers, knocked the clerk to his Knees,
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the station just to buy some gas
But the funk from her drawers, knocked the guy on his ass
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the store just to buy some steak
But the funk from her drawers, knocked the meat off the plate
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the library, all by herself
But the funk from her drawers, knocked the books off the shelf
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

She came to my house just to paint the hall
But the funk from her drawers, knocked the paint off the wall
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

Took her to the church, just to get some Religion
But the funk from her drawers, gave the preacher a vision
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the beach, man she was a dish,
But the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the club for a bite to eat,
But the funk from her drawers burned a hole in the seat.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to Korat just to meet the Thais,
But the funk from her drawers brought tears to their eyes.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the field just to watch me fly,
But the funk from her drawers knocked my Thud from the sky.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to my hooch 'cause I thought I'd score,
But the funk from her drawers burned the paint off the door.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to the park just to roll in the grass,
But the funk from her drawers curled the hair on my ass.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I took her to my room and I started to hunch,
But the funk from her drawers made me blow my lunch.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

I fucked her on the floor, man, it was a feeling,
When the funk from her drawers stuck my ass to the ceiling.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

They took my little girl to the police station,
Said the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

They took her to the court for speedy trial,
But the funk from her drawers laid the judge in the aisle.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

They locked her in jail, but she's doing well,
'Cause the funk from her drawers killed the rats in her cell.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

Well, I lost my little girl, but I didn't mind,
'Cause the funk from her drawers nearly made me blind.
She's a ROTTEN MOTHERFUCKER, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore.
(CHORUS)

ARMED RECCE

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

In the skies of Southeast Asia
Where the fighter pilots dwell
There's a mission that you fly a lot
You get to know it well

They call it Armed Reconnaissance
You fly it fast and low
In the southern part of Package One
That's known as Tally-Ho

You're briefed on the defenses
All along the route you'll fly
You're scared but still you've got to go
And so you take the sky

You get pre strike refueling
And you take your flight on down
Cross the coast at butterfly
And start to move around

You're headed north up route 1A
The road looks clean and bare
But a truck is mighty hard to see
From one mile in the air

You know you'll have to take it down
Though your heart is in your mouth
Now dead ahead's the ferry
That's the point you'll turn back south

And suddenly your heart stops
As you see the thing you dread
Triple A is coming up
And it fills the sky ahead

You fake the turn to the left
And then you break hard and right
Your wing man's in with CBU
And it's a pretty sight

And now your headed South again
And really moving round
To make a harder target
For the gunners on the ground

And then you see the convoy sitten'
Still beside the road
Arm up all your switches
And prepare to drop your load

Touch off the afterburners
And pop up in the sun
But keep the convoy in your sight
And start to make your run

Then the gunners start to shoot again
You see the flak ahead
Then it's bursting all around you
And the sky is filled with lead

You can't go left, you can't go right
The flack is all around
So keep the convoy in your sight
And keep on boring down

And then pickle off your bombload
And pull up and trust your luck
That Triple A will miss you
And the bombs will hit the truck

But the flak is coming closer
And your eyes are filled with tears
And before you reach the coastline
You've aged a hundred years

And suddenly you're out of it
The water's down below
Breathe easy now, but don't relax
'Cause sure as hell you'll know

That tomorrow is another day
And once again you'll go
To the southern part of package one
And recce tally-ho



HERE'S TO OLD UDORN

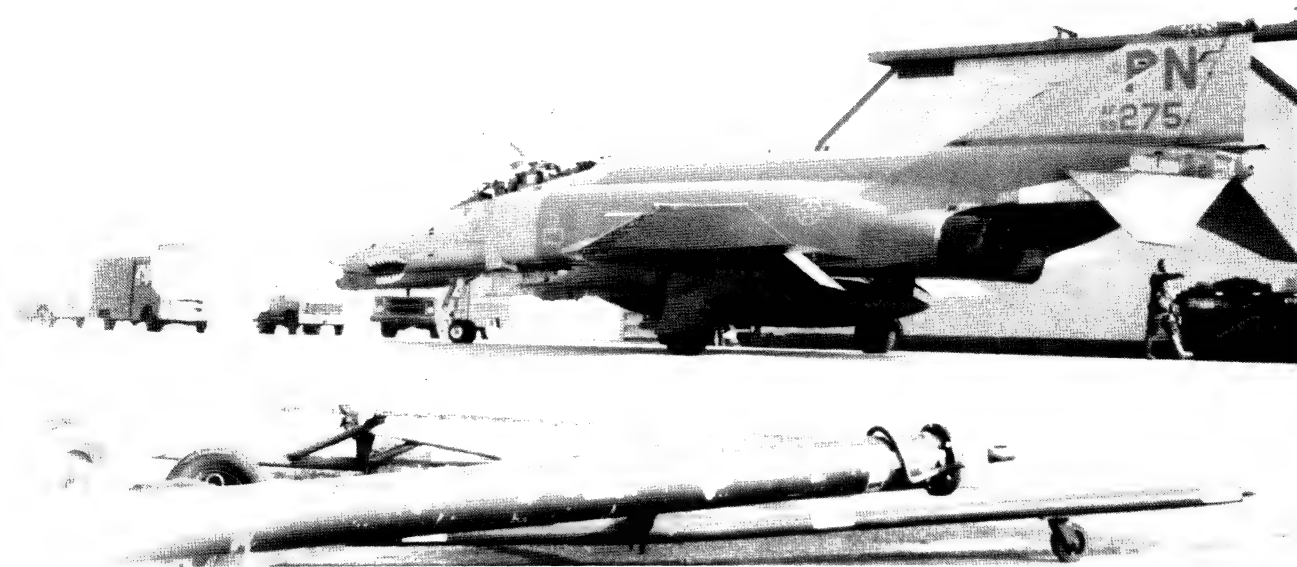
Well, here's to old Udorn, what a hell of a place,
The way that it's run is a fucking disgrace.
Captains and Majors and Light Colonels too,
Thumbs up their assholes with nothing to do.

They rant and they rave and they scream and they shout,
About lots of things they know nothing about.
For all they are worth boys they might as well be,
Shoveling shit on the isle of Capri.

When this war is over, I'm going back home,
Back to my true love and never more roam.
To hell with old Udorn and her misery,
To hell with old Udorn and all her VD.

It's up in the morning and to the latrine,
The worst case of clap that I ever have seen.
I've got it bad, boys, but I'm telling you,
Budda's been short coming, he's got it too.





F-4G Arrives for Team Spirit

SOUTHEAST ASIA

(Tune: Luchenbach Texas)

There's only two things in life that make it worth living,
Flying in fighters and firm feeling women.
And I don't want your peacetime Air Force life,
Got my duck and you with me tonight.
Maybe it's time we got back, to the Southeast Asia fight.

(CHORUS)

Let's go to Southeast Asia,
With the Ravens, the rustics, and the nails.
This peacetime life we're living's,
Got us acting like a damn bunch of quails.
Between taking out trail truck,
And facing in strike flight,
And Madam Lulu's Ladies of the Night,
Out on Southeast Asia ain't no FAC feeling pain.
Yeah, out in Southeast Asia,
Ain't no FAC feeling no pain.

So baby let's drop this peacetime thing,
Grab your pack and carbine,
And head that way.
This peacetime life is killing me,
And in your Air Force society,
You just die all day.
We been so busy keeping up with Regs now,
Don't fly too high,
And god help you if you get caught low.
Maybe it's time we got back to the Southeast Asia fight.

(CHORUS)

THE MUSIC MAN

SINGER: I am the music man, I come from down your way.

ALL: What do you play?

SINGER: I play the (Verse and Hand Motion).

VERSES:

Piccolo—Oh picca, picca, picca-low, picca, picca, picca-low. (Pause)
Picca, picca, picca-low, picca, picca, picca-low, hey.

Shit house door—Banga, banga, banga, banga, banga, banga.

French horn—French, French, French horn, French, French, French horn

A-10—Fucken' a, my pussy hurts, fucken' a, my pussy hurts.

Fishbed pilot—Oh my god, my back's on fire, back's on fire.

Flanker pilot—Fucken' a, my hair's on fire, hair's on fire.

F-15—Fox I you're all dead, you're all dead.

F-15—Fucken' a I lost sight, I lost sight.

F-15 Crew Chief—Oh my god, it's up my ass, up my ass.

F-14—Oh my god my wings broke, oh my god my wings broke.

Dean Martin's son—Fucken' a, I hit a mountain, hit a mountain.

Sperm whale (always last)—Spit in beer (action only).



FIRST LANTIRN F-16C ARRIVES 06 JUNE 1990, TAIL 89-520

A ZPU GUNNER

(CHORUS)

A ZPU gunner, a ZPU gunner, a ZPU gunner am I,
A ZPU gunner, a ZPU gunner, if they give me a SAM sight I'll die.

I graduated at the top of my gunner's class,
I worked hard you will agree.
But three classes behind, those guys that were blind,
Got the same assignment as me.

(CHORUS)

So I asked for a Barrel Roll assignment,
I said, "A shit-hot young gunner I am."
They gave me a block, on top of the rock,
Dodging CBU and runaway SAMs.

(CHORUS)

So I asked for a Stool Tiger assignment,
And I got there one bright sunny day,
That night, by flare light, they laid 'em in tight,
I wound up on O'Rourke's BDA.

(CHORUS)

Well, soon I crawled out of my spider hole,
I put a new clip in my gun.
The very next day, despite BDA,
I hosed down Falcon One-One.

(CHORUS)

Well, I went PCS to Mu Gia,
To a two-seater thirty-seven upgrade.
But one thing I can't hack, It's that guy in the back,
Tellin' me every mistake that I've made.

(CHORUS)

He reads me all of the checklist,
We pre-fire the gun in the pits.
But if I shoot a bit low, or am just a tad slow,
The first thing I here is "I've got it!"

(CHORUS)

We read the Yankee FRAG daily,
We know who's flying, who's not.
We sit in the shade, while the passes are made,
Reading sex magazines, smoking pot.

(CHORUS)

NAIL FAC RAG

(This song was often heard in the Nail Hole Bar on NKP Air Base, Thailand. The callsign of the NKP FACs was Nail. The 93 referred to in the song was a TACAN channel at Korat. Korat Air Base was quite a metropolis compared to NKP. Hillsburger is a corruption of the ABCCC callsign which controlled Steel Tiger East and West)

I'm a Nail, I fly the rail,
I drop bombs on Nguyen's trail.
Can anyone see my smoke?

CBU, Rockeye too,
Even eighty-twos will do.
Can anyone hit my smoke?

Now if you run into a ZPU,
You're flying too low.
Triple A everyday,
That's the only way to go.

Thunderstorms all around,
I can't even see the ground,
But Hillsburger won't let me go.

I want to RTB to 93,
The weather is shitty at NKP,
But Hillsburger won't let me go.

I'm at the Catcher's Mitt,
Took a hit.
Woooooowoooo my shit is weak.

Fuckin' A,
It ain't my day.
Nguyen blew my shit away.

I'm in the chute,
Coming down.
Nguyen waiting on the ground.

HE'S A DOG SHIT COMMIE

He's a dog shit Commie, thinking he's somebody, flying off to save the world another day.
He's a dog shit Commie waiting to be morted and have his face and his asshole blown away.

Well, he launches every morning in his bent-up and beat-up F-5,
Flying off to make war upon the Eagles.
But he's flying, half dying from the shooters that they feed him
At the inbrief from which he remembers nothing.

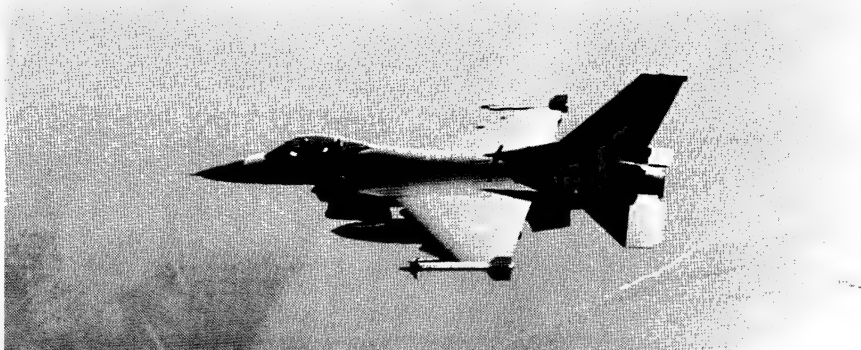
Cause he's a...
Dog shit Commie, waiting to be morted and have his face and his asshole blown away.

He swears every morning that tonight will be a health night,
So that he can survive tomorrow's mission.
But the Eagles are upon him, they've got him by the scrotum.
And when they have your balls, your mind will follow.

Cause he's a...
Dog shit Commie waiting to be morted and have his face and his asshole blown away.

Well, on his way back to the pattern with 8 G's upon his counter,
And no film in his pack to save his money,
He knows that the promises he made himself this morning
Will probably have to wait until tomorrow.

Cause he's a...
Dog shit Commie waiting to be counseled and have what's left of his asshole ate away.
He's a dog shit Commie waiting to be morted and have his face and his asshole blown away.



SCROTUM

CHORUS

Scrotum, scrotum,
S-C-R-O-T-U-M
Da da da da
Scrotum, scrotum,
Just to keep your testes
there.

It's rangy and it's mangy,
And it's covered with hair,
But what would you do
If it wasn't there?
(CHORUS)

If you get in a fight,
You'd better fight it fair,
Cause what would you do
If it wasn't there?
(CHORUS)

A scrotum is like,
A thing divine,
It hangs down there
And a little behind.
(CHORUS)

It holds your balls in.
S-C-R-O-T-U-M
(CHORUS)

THE WOODPECKER SONG

WILL YOU SUCK ME TOMORROW

(Tune: Will You Love Me Tomorrow)

Tonight you're mine completely,
I got your love so cheaply.
Tonight the light of twenty's in your eyes,
But will you suck me tomorrow.

Is this my last road trip,
Or just a moment pleasure.
Can I believe the magic of your thighs,
Will you still suck me tomorrow.

Tonight with words unspoken,
You say that I'm the only one.
But will my cock be broken,
When the night, meets the morning sun.

I'd like to know that your lips,
Are lips I can be sure of.
So tell me now, and I won't ask again,
Will you still suck me tomorrow, Will YA?
Will you still suck me, tomorrow...

Oh, I stuck my finger in a Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

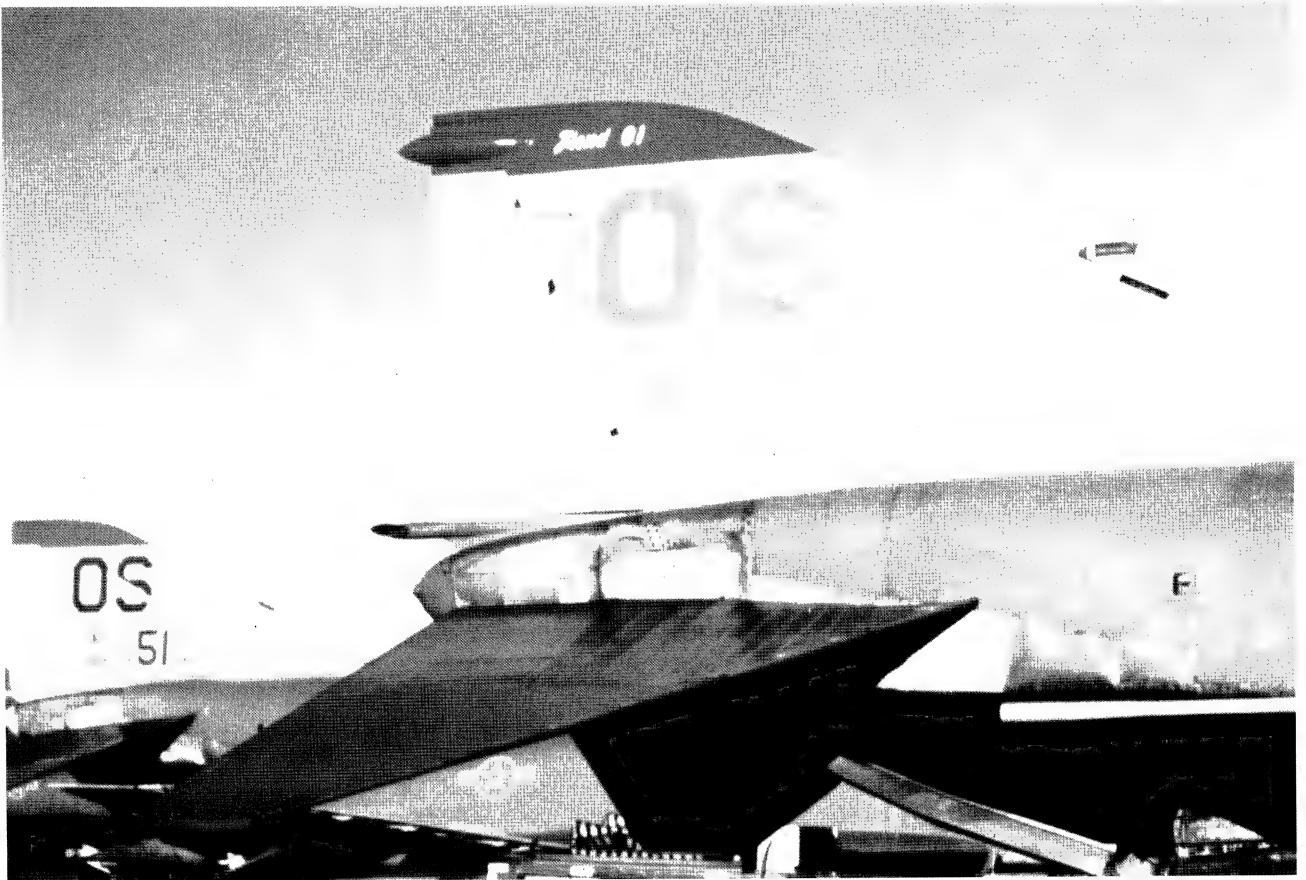
So, I removed my finger from the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it."

I replaced my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "God Bless your soul,
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it."

I revolved my finger, the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "God Bless your soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it."

I reciprocated my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "God Bless your soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it."

I retracted my finger from the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "God Bless your soul,
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, REVOLTING"



RAVEN FAC-ERO

Oh I am a Raven Facero
Flying up to Vientiane in my aero
I have with me my bump bump-a-deros.

I met a young lao seniorita
A beautiful lao seniorita
She wanted to see my bump bump-a-deros.

That nasty lao seniorita,
Gave me a case of clapita,
All over the tip of my bump bump-a-deros.

So I went to see a medico,
An exceedingly fine medico,
He cut off the tip of my bump bump-a-dee.
And both of my bump bump-a-deros.

NOTHING COULD BE FINER

Nothing could be finer than to be in her vagina in the morning.
Nothing could be sweeter than your lips around my peter in the morning.
If I had a wish, and it could come true,
I'd spend the whole night 69 with you,
Oh, nothing could be finer than to do a 69er in the morning.

THE WEASEL SONG

We're a bunch of assholes, scum of the earth,
Filth of creation, we've gone from bad to worse.
Masturbating' sons of bitches,
Know in all the barrooms and whorehouses too,
We're the Wild Weasels,
And we say, "Fuck You!"

Rat shit bat shit, dirty rotten twat,
Sixty-nine douche bags tied in a knot.
Bite, gobble, fuck, suck,
Nibble and chew,
We're the Wild Weasels,
Who the fuck are you?

A TISKET, A TASKET

A tisket, a tasket, a single-engine basket,
They wrote a letter to my mom,
And told her I had crashed it.

I crashed it, I crashed it, that single-engine basket,
I turned on final, yanked the stick,
Son of a bitch, I snapped it.

I snapped it, I snapped it, that single-engine basket,
A two-turn spin, I torque-stalled in,
Oh Jesus, how I smashed it.

THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: Titanic)

Number one was having fun
Number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
"Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more"

The road was full of ruts
And the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits
Had them shot right from their mitts
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

There was a woman in the crowd
Little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around
When they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more

Oh it seemed an awful crime
As we shot them in their prime
But they got number three don't you see
Yes they shot him down with flak
And they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more

Number one was having fun
Number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
"Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more"

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site,
The missile chased the weasel.
The weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped,
Pop goes the weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where,
To roll in to displease 'em.
One more pass with H-E-I,
Pop goes the weasel.

Lady Fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian techs got all pissed off,
Pop goes the weasel.

We look around for SAM sites,
We grab their balls and squeeze them.
They show their ass, we shoot it off,
Pop goes the weasel.

WEASELING

CHORUS

Weaseling, weaseling, w-e-a-z-e-l-i-n-g, ba-da-da-da-da,
Weaseling, weaseling, w-e-a-z-e-l-i-n-g.

First get their attention, then throw a fit,
Next loft in a Shrike, and blow away their shit.
(CHORUS)

Pop way up high then swoop down low,
CBU makes a hell of a show.
(CHORUS)

Next come the MIGs for a little fight,
The EWO locks on and we sent Big White.
(CHORUS)

Then we go home and we hit the bars,
Pussy and drinks for the Weasel stars.
(CHORUS)

SON OF STAN'S ANGLES

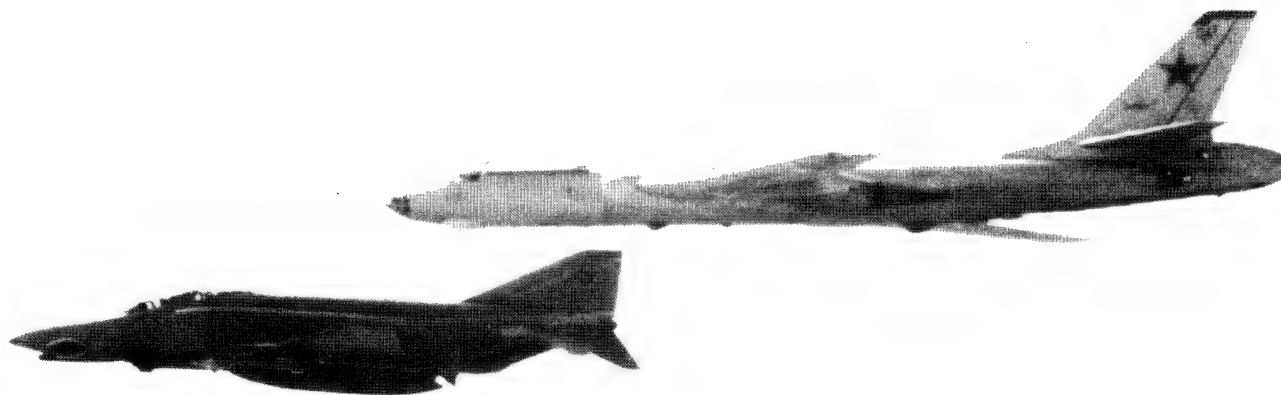
CHORUS

I'm a Son of Satan's Angels, and I fly the F-4D,
All the way from the Hanoi railroad bridge to the DMZ.
I'm one of ol' Hoot Gibson's boys, and mean as I can be,
I'm a Son of Satan's Angels, I fly the F-4D.

Hello Hanoi Hannah, send your MIGs to meet their doom,
Light them up and blast them off, Hoot's boys will be there soon.
I don't care if you are the gal that was born with the silver spoon,
'Cause I've got sidewinders on board that'll home on an AB plume.
(CHORUS)

There isn't a Triple A gunner up there that can have a piece of my ass,
Because I've got CBUs on board and I'm in for one more pass.
He hosed me down one time too many, and that one was his last,
I can see my CBUs tearing holes in the gunner's ass
(CHORUS)





October 1988, F-4E escorting TU-16 Badger

CHUNDER IN THE OLD PACIFIC SEA

I was down on Bandai Pier, sipping tubes of ice cold beer,
And I had a dozen prawns upon my knee.
Well, I finished the last prawn; had a technicolor yawn,
And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

CHORUS

Bring it up, bring it up, bring it up,
Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up.
Have another dozen tubes and prawns with me,
If you want to throw your voice,
Mate, you've got no choice,
Than to chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

I was swimming in the surf, with a mate of mine called Murph,
And he had a dozen tubes and prawns with me,
Well, he barely finished it, when he went for the big spit,
And he chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

(CHORUS)

I've had liquid laughs in bars and I've been thrown from moving
cars,
And I've chundered when and where it pleases me,
But if I could choose a spot, to regurgitate the lot,
I would chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

(CHORUS)

I was down in Sydney town, throwing tubes of Foster's down,
When a Sheila came along and accosted me,
Well, I threw it up the bum; I was just about to cum,
When I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

(CHORUS)

WILD WEASEL

(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name,
I fly up on Thud Ridge and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide 'hind the hills,
I dodge the missiles, then go in for the kill.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit hot fine bear.

Some weak guns, some weak guns, they're all off at one,
But don't worry fellows, for the threats, there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now,
There's the flak all around us they're shooting and how.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit hot fine bear.

Keep moving, they're shooting the target's at eight,
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.
A missile, a missile, let's take it down,
O God, where's that bastard, my flight suit turned brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit hot fine bear.

Now pull it up, pull it up, and head for the sky,
The missile's at two boys, now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the SAM sight out there in the grass,
Set 'em up hot boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit hot fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name,
I flew o'er the fence and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred, I'm heading for home,
And over those damned hills I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit hot fine bear.

I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE

Well, I took off from Ubon in a thick and heavy driving rain,
I toted my bombs up to Green Anchor tanker plane.
I had a brand new AC riding in my front seat,
A guy with six months RTU, before that, a Tweet.
He asked me if my counters numbered much more than ten,
I said, "Listen, Mac, there ain't no place up there I ain't been!"

Chorus:

I've been everywhere, man, I've been everywhere,
I've crossed the mountains bare, man, I've seen the flak filled air.
Of SAMs I've had my share, man, I've been everywhere.

Hanoi, Haiphong, Phuc Yen, Yen Bai, Longson, Hoa Lac
Phu Tho, Son Tay, Mao Binh, Nam Dinh, Thai Binh, Bac Ninh,
Thai Nguyen, Gai Lam, Wiet Tri, Do Son,
Thud Ridge, Mig Ridge, Northeast Railroad, Bac Mai, Ninh
Grang,
Bac Giange, Poo-Yang.
(CHORUS)

Sam Neue, Nan Ban, Quang, Son La, Bat Lake, Dong Hoi
Quang Khe, Thanh Hoa, Red Route, Black Route, Blue Route,
Purple Route
Channel 97, and the Red and Black River Valley,
Landside, waterside, down the slide, dang my hide,
In town, cross-town, uptown, down town.
(CHORUS)



OUR LEADERS

At Phillips Range in Kansas, the jocks all had the knack,
But now that we're in combat, we got Colonels on our back.
And every time we say "Shit Hot!" or whistle in the bar,
We have to answer to someone, looking for a star.

CHORUS

"Our leaders, our leaders,
Our leaders" is what they always say.
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one, and the jocks were scared as hell,
They ran to meet us with a beer, and tell us we were swell.
But recce took the BDA and said we missed a hair,
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell, from the wheels in second air.
(CHORUS)

They send us out on bunches, to bomb a bridge and die,
Those tactics are for bombers, that our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our Colonel, up in wing so I guess,
We have to leave the thinking, to the wheels in JCS.
(CHORUS)

The JCS are the Generals, and they're not always right,
They sometimes think things over, well into the night.
When they have a question, or something they can't hack,
They have to leave judgment, to that money saving Mac.
(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger, for he's on salary too
To be the final say so, is something he can't do.
Before we fly each mission, and everything is OK,
He has to get permission from, flight lead LBJ.
(CHORUS)

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,
And the 85s start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just around the mountain,
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you reach your pull-up point and start your pop-up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start your roll in,
You wonder if the MIGs will come up to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running,
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the Limestone Ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly,
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,
The MIGs have finally come out to play.

Oh, your burners lit, you're diving down, you're running,
But his overtake is too great today,
In your dinghy bobbing in the Gulf of Tonkin,
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play.



YANKEE AIR PIRATE

I am a Yankee Air Pirate,
 With DTs and blood shot eyeballs.
 My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,
 From SAM breaks and bad bandit calls.

CHORUS

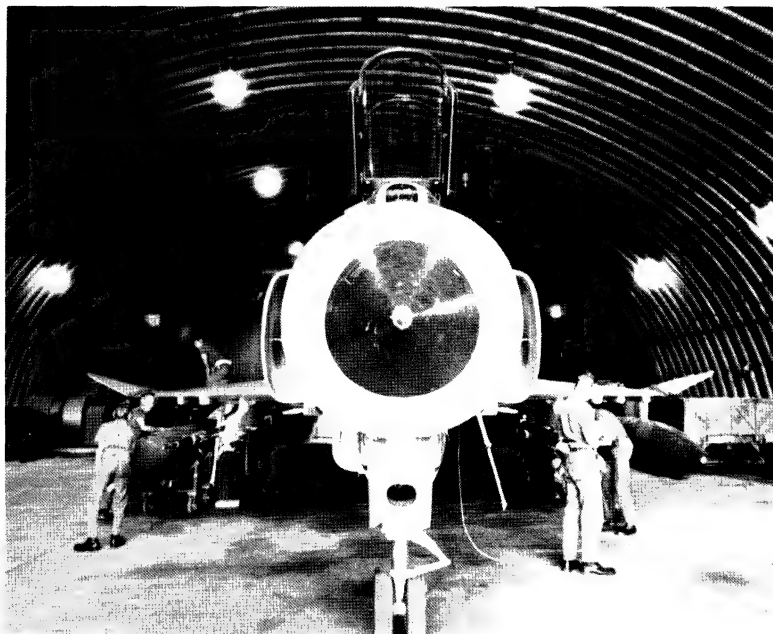
A Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate,
 A Yankee Air Pirate am I,
 A Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate,
 If I don't get my 100 I'll die.

I've carried iron bombs on the outboards,
 Flown fast cap for F-1-O-Thuds.
 I've sniveled a counter or two once or twice,
 And sweated my own rich red blood.

(CHORUS)

I've been downtown to both bridges,
 To Thai Ngyen, Kep and Phuc Yen.
 And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,
 There's no place up there I ain't been.

(CHORUS)



THE DOUMER BRIDGE BLUES

They got a little place just south of the ridge,
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge.
You take the MIGs—I'll take the flak,
Come on, I'm gonna show you where it's at.

Struggle out of bed at half past three,
Flight surgeon said, "You look bad as me."
Walk on down, down to the line, crew chief said,
"Baby, you're looking fine," come, I'll show you where it's at.

Struggle up the ladder and strap in tight,
Crew chief said, "Hope to see you tonight."
Had some second thoughts about the mission ahead,
Thinking 'bout my baby waiting in my bed.

Shoved up the throttle, I was ready to go,
Praying for some weather—hurricane or snow.
Movin' down my runway in my heavy machine,
Looking for the anchor tanker known as Green.

Found the anchor tanker and took my gas,
No more easy counters like Mu Ghia pass.
Hyperventilating as we crossed the red,
Wishing all the more I was still in bed.

The weather broke out thirty miles to go,
Hit the afterburner I was going slow.
Guns started shooting and the SAMs came up,
Beginning to wonder about my Alpha-Six luck.

Saw the bridge ahead and I rolled in fast,
This fighter jocks career is all down in the past.
Joined his drinking buddies in the hall of fame,
Never will the fighter jocks forget his name.

They got a little place just south of the ridge,
Name of the place is the Doumer Bridge.
You take the MIGs—I'll take the flak,
Come on, I'll show you where it's at.
Come on, I'll show you where it's at.



Evil Eye Fleagle of the 36 FBS

UP IN THAT VALLEY

Up in that valley, valley so low,
Where the SAM missiles flourish, and the 85s glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant, the Hanoi rail yard,
The bridge at Bac Giang, they've played their trump card.

The iron hands they mill right, and strike pilots flail,
The MIGs try to bounce us, but they always fail.

The MIG cap he hollers, "There's bandits at twelve,"
"Launch" screams the weasel, it's better than hell.

The flak is a-bursten' right next to my hide,
All I can here is, "You're falling behind."

We're down on the bomb run, the target's in sight,
"Sweet Jesus" I'm thinking, "I better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge, what a beautiful sight,
Oh shit, I just noticed, an overheat light.

My heart is a pumping, I know I'm not dead,
Please God, get this old Thud just past the red.

If I can just get past that muddy old slough,
The Sandys and Jollies will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven, and now I can boast,
The rest I can finish, out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter, although I must say,
Often I've seen it, where they have saved the day.

Up in that valley, that valley of grief,
I hope all your flights through it, will always be brief.

Good-bye to the valley, so long Takhli,
Don't bust you ass buddy, I'm going home free.

DOWNTOWN

When you get up at two o'clock in the morning,
You can bet you'll be—Downtown.
Shaking your boots, you're sweating heavy all over,
'Cause you get to go—Downtown.
Smoke a pack of cigarettes before the briefing's over,
Wishing you weren't bombing, wishing you were flying cover.
It's safer that way.
The Flak is much thicker there.
You know you're biting your nails, and you're pulling your hair,
You're going downtown—where all the lights are bright,
Downtown—You'd rather switch then fight,
Downtown—Hope you'll come home tonight. Downtown.
Downtown.

Planning the route, you keep hoping that,
You won't have to go today—Downtown.
Checking the weather and it's scattered to broken,
So you still don't know—Downtown.
Waiting for the guys in TOC to say you're canceled,
Hoping that the "words" they give will suit your fancy.
Don't make us go.
I'd much rather RTB.
And so you sit and wait thinking, oh fuck shit hot!
I'm going downtown, that's why I'm feeling so low.
Downtown—But I will go.
Downtown—Going to see Uncle Ho. Downtown. Downtown.



THE AGGRESSORS

(Tune: Skip To My Lu, My Darling)

This is our song to the T-38s,
Who've never fired a shot in a moment of hate.
They travel around visiting all the PACAF crews,
Hustlin their women and drinking their booze,

CHORUS

Down, down, spiraling down (3X)
Another small trainer went down in flames.

They feed us great stories of tracking our six,
We know it's just some of their dirty rotten tricks.
Now think of it gents, don't you think you'd lie,
In order to justify all that free TDY.

(CHORUS)

Now air-to-air's shit hot, to that we'll agree,
But we think a true fighter is something to be,
Sent bombing and strafing with an optical sight,
And not just some wag that you dreamed up last night.

(CHORUS)

They are two seat trainers, but they're not all alone,
They need radar vectors to find their way home.
They talk about tracking, but that's hard to do,
When your dodging the jet wash that 'Big Ugly' spews.

(CHORUS)

SIXTEEN TIMES

(Tune: Sixteen Tons)

Some people say a man is made out of fear,
But a fighter pilot's made out of whisky and beer.
Whisky and beer, rum and gin,
If you fly the dot, you're sure to spin in.

CHORUS

You fly sixteen times and what do you get?
Another day older and your weapon is bent.
St. Peter don't you call me, I'm weak and lame,
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,
Got my chute and went down to the line.
Down to the line to fly the F-4E,
But it was raining so hard that I couldn't see.

(CHORUS)

They blew the whistle when I was still in the rack,
I thought, "My god, we are under attack."
Ran to my blind but it was all in vain,
Was just another silly fucking game.

(CHORUS)

Took off one morning with blood in my eye,
I'd had my fill of kimchee and rye.
Pickled on a bomb pass and the gun fell free,
They're going to hang my ass from the nearest tree.

(CHORUS)

When you see me coming better break to the right,
'Cause the Flying Fiends had a party last night.
My eyeballs are red and I'm as mean as a bear,
Believe me buster, better clear the air.

(CHORUS)



Songtan 1977 (Out the Main Gate, and to the right)



Songtan 2002 (Out the Main Gate, and to the right)



SLANTED EYES
(Tune: Lying Eyes)

Songtan girls just seem to find out early
How to open wallets with a smile
A rich GI and she won't have to worry
She'll dress up all in silk and go in style
Late at night a dark old bear gets lonely
I guess every sort of yobo has her price
And it pains her ass to think her love is only
Taken by a GI's cock as cold as ice
So she tells him she must go home for the evening
To comfort an old friend who's feelin' down
But he knows where she's going as she's leaving
She is headed for cheating in Songton

CHORUS

You can't hide, your trembling thighs,
And your breasts, they have no size.
Thought by now, you'd realize,
There ain't no way to fuck all the GIs.

She gets up and douches with a strong one
And stares down at the scabs upon her thighs
Another lay it's gonna be a long one
She spreads her legs and turns her head to cry
She wonders how it ever got this crazy
Thinks about a boy she knew in Seoul
Did she give head or did she just get laid
She's so far gone, she just feels like a fool
My oh my, you sure know how to screw things
You get it up so well so frequently
Ain't it funny how this Fiend didn't change things
You're still the same old whore you'll always be
(CHORUS)

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT
(Tune - Battle Hymn Of The Republic)

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell a bombardier.
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his rear.
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, charts, and such.
And you can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much.

CHORUS

It's a lie, it's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a lie, lie, lie!
It's a lie, it's a lie
You can tell the silly bastard it's a silly fucking lie!

First lady forward and the second lady back.
Third lady's finger's up the fourth lady's crack.
Then you gather all together in the middle of the room,
Will the lady who just farted, kindly leave the fucking room.
(CHORUS)

We fly our fucking fighters down to forty fucking feet,
Through the fucking corn and through the fucking wheat.
First you fly the fuckers up and then you fly the fuckers down
And you'll be the first to know when you hit the fucking ground.
(CHORUS)

Rollin' on target with your burners all aglow.
You put your pipper on them and you let your napalm go.
First you jink out to the left then you jink out to the right
And you hit the deck a-running and make it home another night.
(CHORUS)

NORTH OF P Y DO

(Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

Here's a story 'bout an F-4 flight at Osan one fine day.
An hour late for takeoff as they got on the runway.
They could barely see the centerline through all the fog and rain,
And they didn't know the devil had put a curse upon their plane.

Curse upon their plane, curse upon their plane.
And they didn't know the devil had put a curse upon their plane.

Well, they lit both afterburners and they roared off through the fog,
Thinking 'bout their requirements and the time that they would log.
As the airspeed reached two hundred, both sets of throttles stuck,
The UHF and the TACAN quit, the gear would not come up.

Gear would not come up, gear would not come up.
The UHF and the TACAN quit and the gear would not come up.

They fought to keep control of it and keep it climbing too,
They prayed a fervent prayer to god and they said what they would do.
We won't smoke or drink or chase girls, to sin we'll put a stop,
Now, disregard that last part lord, we're VFR on top.

VFR on top, VFR on top.
Now disregard that last part lord, we're VFR on top.

The airspeed reached five hundred knots, the gas was going fast,
They had enough to reach the range and make at least one pass.
The undercast was breaking up as the wizzo hacked his watch,
So they opened up the bombdoors and they headed for the crotch.

Headed for the crotch, headed for the crotch
They opened up the bomb doors and headed for the crotch

"where are we?" said the pilot, and the GIB said, "No sweat, jock,
I'll get you to the target, just make sure you get us back."
All the radar sites were calling them, too bad they didn't know,
And they disappeared that evening somewhere north of P Y Do.

North of P Y Do, north of P Y Do
And they disappeared that evening somewhere north of P Y Do.

Going fast, staying low.
And they disappeared that evening somewhere north of P Y Do.

OB SOJU CROWN

(Tune: Love Potion Number Nine)

I took my troubles down to Madam Yu.
You know that yobo with the big wazoos.
She's got a pad down in Songtan Town,
Selling little bottles of OB, Soju and Crown.

I told her that I was a flop with the chicks.
All I'm good at is for checkin' six.
She looked at my palms and she made an awesome sound,
She said, "What you need is a hooker from downtown."

She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink,
She pulled down her drawers and pissed right into the sink,
It smelled like peachy wine and looked like Korean ink,
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, and I took a drink!

I didn't know if it was day or night.
I started fucking everything in sight.
But when I fucked the SP in Songtan Town,
He broke my little bottles of OB, Soju and Crown (REPEAT)

RING DANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen,
I met a girl from New Orleans.
She was young and pretty too,
She had what you called a ring dang doo.

A rang ding doo, pray what is that?
It's round and soft, like a pussy cat.
It's round and soft and split in two,
That's what you call a ring dang doo.

She took me into her bed,
She placed her tits beneath my head.
And then she took my hickey floo,
And placed it in her ring dang doo.

Now six months later she began to swell,
She swelled and swelled 'till she looked like hell.
She told her ma and her father too,
That I took a crack at her ring dang doo.

Her father said, "You filthy whore,
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore."
"Pack up your bag and nightie too,
And make a living on your ring dang doo."

She went to the city to become a whore,
She hung a sign upon her door.
Five dollars now, nothing else will do,
To take a crack at my ring dang doo.

And the fellows came and the fellows went,
And the price went down to fifteen cents.
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do,
To take a crack at my ring dang doo.

And then one day a son of a bitch,
He had the crabs and the jockey itch.
He had the syph and the diarrhea too,
And he took a crack at her ring dang doo.

They hung her tits in the cutey hall,
They pickled her ass in alcohol.
Now all you bums and hobos too
You've all heard my tale of the ring dang doo

So they buried her near city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
"She's learned her lesson and you should too,
Just stay away from the ring dang doo!"





Team Spirit 1990

I'D RATHER BE AN F-4 JOCK

Well, I'd rather be an F-4 jock than the Governor of New York State.
Now the Governor's got him a pretty good job, and I suppose he thinks it great.
But droppin nape and straffin trucks are two things he don't know,
And I couldn't fill the Governor's shoes cause I couldn't spend all that dough.

I'd rather be an F-4 jock than the owner of old Fort Knox,
And I like the smell of JP-4 better than a rosewood box.
Hydraulic fluid and afterburner fumes just some kind of turn me on,
Fella I'm happier flying F-4Ds than a hound dog gnawing a bone.

Well, I'd rather be an F-4 jock than the Air Force Chief of Staff.
One good reason I ain't got the rank (right here you're supposed to laugh).
It's a lot more fun just droppin' bombs and hassling two on two,
So I'll just stick to my gunnery range, and flying the Phantom II.

Well one of the days I'll light my fire and aim it straight at the sky.
And you'll hear me shout as I disappear that a Phantom is the way to fly.
I'll do a high speed pass by the Pearly Gates about one point six five mach,
And I'll tell St. Peter if he don't mind just make me an F-4 jock.

ON THE WING AGAIN (Tune: On The Road Again)

On their wing again,
Just can't wait to get on their wing again,
The life I love is flying Vipers with my friends,
And I can't wait to get on their wings again.

On their wing again,
Going places that I really've never been,
Strafing things that I may never strafe again,
And I can't wait to get on their wing again.

On their wing again,
Like a band of banshees we roar down the skyway.
We're the best of friends,
Insisting that the bombs keep falling our way,
Spiking our way...

I'll be Fiend Two again,
Just can't wait to be old Fiend Two again,
The life I love is flying Vipers with my friends,
And I can't wait to be old Fiend Two again.

On there wing again,
Going places that I really've never been,
Bombing things that I may never bomb again,
And I can't wait to be old Fiend Two again.
(TWO TIMES)

CHANGES IN ATTITUDES

I took off for a weekend last month just to try to recall the whole year.
All of the faces, and all of the aces, wondering where they all disappeared.
I didn't ponder the question too long, I was hungry and went out for a bit,
Ran into a chum, with a bottle of gin, and wound up drinkin' all night

CHORUS

It's those changes in latitudes, changes in altitudes,
Nothing remains quite the same.
With all of your cunning, and all of your running,
If we couldn't laugh, we'd go insane.

Reading departure plates at Osan Air Base, reminds me of the places I've been.
Visions of bad times that brought so much bullshit, God I don't want to come here again.
If it suddenly ended tomorrow, I could somehow adjust to the call.
Good times and riches and sons of bitches, I've known more than I can recall.
(CHORUS)

I think about loved ones when I'm high on Oscar, I wish I could jump on a plane.
And so many nights I just dream of the blue sky, I wish I was flying again.
Soon it will be all over, so I can't look back for too long.
There's too much to see waiting in front of me and I know now that I can't go wrong.
(CHORUS)



Team Spirit 1990

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
I know a man who is cursing him yet.
For he tried to go over the wall,
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes, and all,
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off,
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball.
Bless all the instructors who taught me how to fly,
Sent me up solo and left me to die.
So if ever your blow jet should stall,
You're in for one hell of a fall,
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots,
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Through the wall, through the wall,
Through the bloody invisible wall.
That trans-sonic journey is nothing but rough,
As bad as a ride on the local base bus.
So I am staying away from that wall,
Subsonic for me and that's all.
If you're hot you might make it,
But you'll probably break it,
You're butt and you're neck, not the wall.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants, the fat headed ones,
Bless all the airmen, with their dopey sons.
For it's them who keep you in the air,
Many times you'll be glad that they're there,
They keep your planes flying, they keep you from dying,
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, bless 'em all.

CAN YOU SAY THE SUN WILL RISE TOMORROW

Can you say the sun will rise tomorrow?
Will there be any time left to borrow?
Will the poet make a rhyme,
Will there be any time,
Can you say the sun will rise tomorrow?

Seems to me I have been here forever,
Will this war ever end, maybe never.
Will the dawn still arrive?
Will I still be alive?
Or will I sleep here alone forever?

There's someone who I'm sure loves me only,
She's the one on my mind when I'm lonely.
Does she know, can she see?
Is she still true to me?
Does she know what it's like to be lonely?

From the sea comes the sun, dawn is breaking.
Soon the fight for my life I'll be making.
If i die over here,
Will they know, will they care?
Will there be a joy or hearts that are breaking?

POUNDER'S SONG

Walked into finance, wanna get paid,
Gotta come back another day.
Paragraph 'D' has to be signed,
That's extension 4 5 1 9.
But don't get us wrong, they're not all bad,
By the gov'ment system you're bound to be had.
Fill out the papers, 2 or 3 times,
The energy waste is a goddamn crime.

CHORUS

That's the way when you're on the ground,
You work half the day then you fuck around.
It's happening at Osan, take a look around,
That's the way that the grounders pound.

Walked into C-B-O the other day,
Fucked up my orders, it's the standard way.
They wouldn't listen to what I had to say,
The Sergeant was on the rag that day.

Bobby please help, we need your aid,
We know you work harder than you're paid.
But some of your people haven't a clue,
And we've talked 'til our balls are blue.
(CHORUS)

Walked into issue the other day,
Need to get a parka in the very worst way.
Take a number, stand in line,
Just pissin' away that gov'ment time.

Finally my turn, gave 'em my paper,
Said we're all out, maybe later.
Put it on back order, you'll get it on time,
Probably June of 2009.
(CHORUS)

Cops nailed the Fiends the other night,
Couldn't stand the words of malice and spite.
Running for the title of "Pounders of the Year,"
Cops are out front, in the clear.
(CHORUS, then last line three times)

PROUD PHANTOM

(Tune: Proud Mary)

Left a good job in the Air Guard,
Flying for myself every now and then.
But I had to see it, flying and fighting,
Fucking and bombing every night and day.

CHORUS

Big jet keep on whinin',
Proud Phantom keep on flyin',
Smokin', screamin', makin' sounds of freedom.
Smokin', screamin', makin' sounds of freedom.

Dropped a lot of iron in Vietnam,
Caused a lot of pain up in Route Pack Six.
But I've never seen north of five-eighteen,
Since I had my ride to the R-O-K.
(CHORUS)

Now, if the Reds cross the river,
Bet you're gonna find a lotta gomers who die.
You don't have to worry, 'bout no commie bastards,
Fiends on the run, we'll be happy to fly.
(CHORUS)

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

CHORUS:

Oh, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye

1. Fighter Pilot's Eat Pussy

So, Let's sing another verse that's worse
than the other verse,

And waltz me around by my WILLIE! !

2. The Queen Swims out to meet Troop
Ships

3. Your Sister Eats Bat shit off Cave Walls

4. Your Grandmother Douches with Drano

5. Your Mother does Squat thrusts on
Fireplugs

6. Your Mother Licks Moose Cum off
Pinecones

7. In China they do it for Chili

8. Your brother eats lunch in a sperm
bank.

Latex has very large hair,
Now often you can't help but stare.

The DAK kids run,
Cause it blocks out the sun,
And they think that Godzilla is near.

CHORUS: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye. *Latex
has hair like the Chonger!*

There once was a gay man named Mach,
Who secretly craved sweaty cock.

He tried hard to hide it,
Even flat out denied it,
But men still make him hard as a rock.

CHORUS: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye. *Mach
likes fat chicks and Boyscouts!*

Magic's as thick as a twig,
But he drinks like he was a pig,
His eye's start to blur,
And his words start to slur,
And that's just only after one swig.

CHORUS: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye. *Magic
drinks like a schoolgirl!*

Batman is a real nutcase,
He always gets in our face,
He gets on the PA,

With nothing to say,
He's an ADO, what a disgrace!

CHORUS: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye. *Batman
voted for Al Gore!*

There once was a short man named Mojo.
Who coated his hair with Soul Glo.

He chased lots of tail,
But always would fail,
Cuz when it mattered his hard-on was a
no show!

CHORUS: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye. *Mojo
eats too much Italian Sausage!*

Cash can't handle the show,
As [Stunt] Mayor he loses control,
He can't do anything right,
And we'll be here all night,
And he'll be like, "where'd everyone go?"

CHORUS: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye. *Cash
sucks as [Stunt] Mayor!*

There once was a pilot named Bro,
Man Camping he liked to go,
He said to Burnin,
You know I've been yearnin,
Would you please teach me how to sew?
CHORUS: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye. *Bro does
it with Donkeys!*

There was a young man from Boston,
Who traded his car for an Austin.
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Dundee,
Who buggered an ape in a tree.
The result was most horrid,
All ass and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class,
Whose balls were made out of brass.
When they swung together,
They played "Stormy Weather,"
And lightening bolts shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta,
Who was the world's champion farter.
On the strength of one bean,
He played "God Save the Queen,"
And Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Who was born by the light of the moon.
He had not had the luck,
To be born to fuck,
But was a wet dream scooped up in a
spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge,
And he was his parents' disparage.
He sucked off his brother,
And went down on his mother,
And ate up his sister's miscarriage.

There was a man from St. James,
Who played most unusual games.
He lit a match
To his grandmother's snatch,
And laughed as she pissed through the
flames.

There once was a girl named Flo Varden,
Who went down on a guy in the garden.
He said, "Listen, Flo,
Where does all the stuff go?"
And she said, "(Gulp) Beg pardon?"

There once was a pilot from K-2,
Who buggered a girl in Taegu.
He said to the Doc,
As he handed him his cock,
"Will I lose both my testicles, too?"

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
With his hand on the butt of his madam.
He chuckled with mirth,
For he knew on this earth,
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave.
He said, I'll admit.
I'm a bit of a shit.
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know.
All women are fine,
And sheep are divine,
But Llamas are Numero Uno!"

There was a young man from New
Brighten,
Who said, "My dear, you've a tight one."
Said she, "Oh, my soul,
You have the wrong hole.
It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There once was a man from Trieste,
Who loved his wife with a zest.
Despite all her howls,
He sucked her bowels,
And deposited the mess on her breast.

There was a young bishop from
Birmingham,
Who diddled nuns while confirmin' them.
He brought them indoors,
Slipped down their drawers,
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young man from Nottingham,
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham.
Just watching the stunts,
Of the punks and the cunts,
And the tricks of the pricks that were
fuckin' 'em.

There was a young man from Kildair,
Who buggered his girl on the stairs.
The banister broke,
He doubled the stroke,
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was a queer form Khartoum,
Who took a young lesbian to his room.
They argued all night,
As to who had the right,
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a young girl from St. Paul,
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
Her dress caught fire,
And burned her entire,
Front page, sports section and all.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONTINUED)

There was a man named McGruder,
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda.
Now the nude thought it crude,
To be wooed in the nude,
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed
her.

There was a young man from Nantucket.
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said, with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There once was a young man from Kent.
Whose dick was so long it bent.
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina,
In South Carolina,
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There was a professor from the Mall,
Who possessed a hexahydrogenal ball.
The square root of its weight,
Plus his pecker times eight,
Was four-fifths of five-eighths of fuck all.

There once was a man from Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
The heat of his prick,
Turned the clay into brick,
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail,
'Tween her tits was the price of her tail.
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Braille.

There was a young lady from Wheeling,
Who had a peculiar feeling.
She laid on her back,
And tickled her crack,
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young girl from Peru,
Who said as the Bishop withdrew.
"The Vicar was quicker,
He's also a lick,
And considerably thicker than you."

There was a young priest from Dundee,
Who went in the garden to pee.
He said, "Pax Vo Biscum,
Why won't the piss come,
I guess I've got C L A P.

There was a young girl named Myrtle,
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle.
The result of the fuck,
Was two eggs and a duck,
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young girl from Trass,
Who had a magnificent ass.
'Twas not round and pink,
As you probably think,
'Twas gray, had four legs and ate grass.

There once was a girl from the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered with sores.
The dogs in the street,
Would not eat the green meat,
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young man from Brock,
Who tied a violin string to his cock.
With just one erection,
He could play a selection,
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom,
Who had it three times in a hansom.
When she cried for more,
A voice from the floor,
Cried, "My name is Simpson, not Samson.

There was a young lady from Twilling,
Who went to the dentist for a drilling.
But because of depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity,
And now she's nursing her filling.

There was a young couple named Kelly,
Used Vaseline petroleum jelly.
But once in their haste,
They used library paste,
And now they're stuck belly to belly.

There was a young lass named Alice,
Who peed in the Archbishop's chalice.
It was not from relief,
As was the belief,
But purely from Protestant malice.

There once was a girl from Cape Cod,
Who thought all babies came from God.
But is wasn't the Almighty,
Who lifted her nightie,
It was Roger, the lodger, the sod.

There once was a lady named Lil,
Who swallowed an atomic pill.
They found her vagina,
In North Carolina,
and one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates,
Who was learning to rumba in skates.
He fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

There once a monk from Mongolia,
Whose life was lonelier and lonelier.
One night just for fun,
He took out a nun,
And now she's the Mother Superior.

There was a young lady named Ester,
Who said to the man who undressed her.
"If you don't mind,
Use the hole behind,
The front one is beginning to fester.

There was a young man from Dakota,
Who wouldn't pay the whore what he
owed her.
So with great savoir faire,
She climbed on a chair,
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

The bride of a farmer named Zaker,
Was poked in her bed by the baker.
The baker cried, "What,
You call this a twat!
Why, the entrance is more than an acre."

Cried an overhung fellow named Bowen,
"My pecker keeps growin' and growin'.
It's so tremendous,
So long and stupendous,
It's no good for fuckin' just showin'."

There once was a pilot named Paul,
Who's cock was the longest of all.
This appendage of his,
Got him into show biz,
With a royal performance on call.

Now Paul found there's trouble in fame,
Every whore in the ville knew his name.
And their unhidden fear,
Of his fantastic gear,
Put a halt to old Paul's favorite game.

Now in hopes of relief to Seoul he went,
Our pilot, Paul, with his dick bent.
And though folded in half,
The whores still feared his shaft,
And the bend in his tool made a dent.

In Pusan, with a girl to his taste,
Paul dropped his drawers and entered in
haste.
But he didn't unfold,
When he entered her hole,
And he spilled his whole wad, "What a
waste!"

There once was a Captain named Tuck,
Who went to the ville for a fuck.
He spread open her legs,
Found ten cockroach eggs,
Three boogers, some scabs, and green
muck.

Now later when Tuck wiped his chin,
He smiled and said with a grin.
"Didn't take her to heart,
Till she sprayed out a fart,
That tasted like bird shit and gin."

A fighter pilot named Tucker,
While instructing a novice cock sucker,
Said, "Don't puff'em out,
Like you're blowing your snout,
Be gentle, and work with a pucker.

FOUGHT 'EM AT THE YALU

(Tune: Sink The Bismark)

In June of 1950, the commies headed south,
They had a lot of bullets, they had a lot of mouth.
They came to do some business, they had a big game plan,
We met 'em at the 38th and there we kicked their can.

CHORUS

We hit the jets a running boys, and headed for the skies,
We fought 'em at the Yalu and there the bastards died.

Number one he checked 'em in and said, "Let's make 'em green,
I've got a tally-ho at ten, we'll hit em here unseen."
He pushed the throttle to the wall, his jet let out a scream,
Another commie bastard went down in his machine.
(CHORUS)

There was a four ship on patrol, the lead was clean and young,
He turned the flight to face the threat, the odds were twelve to one.
We burned, we turned, we whipped their ass, we made 'em taste our guns,
And if you don't believe it, ask Kim Il Fucking Sung.
(CHORUS)

The war had finally ended, we had an ace or two,
Now we shoot those 9 Mikes, and we drop G-B-U.
We've got a little Falcon; they're shaking in their boots,
And all the goddamn commies still sing the fucking blues.
(CHORUS)

Now we're here in '02, the commies still exist,
They stand behind the DMZ and shake their faggot fists.
They're chickenshit, they're scared as hell, but always make us fuss,
And if the assholes press on south, they'll have to fuck with us.
(CHORUS X2)

BALLAD OF ROBIN OLDS

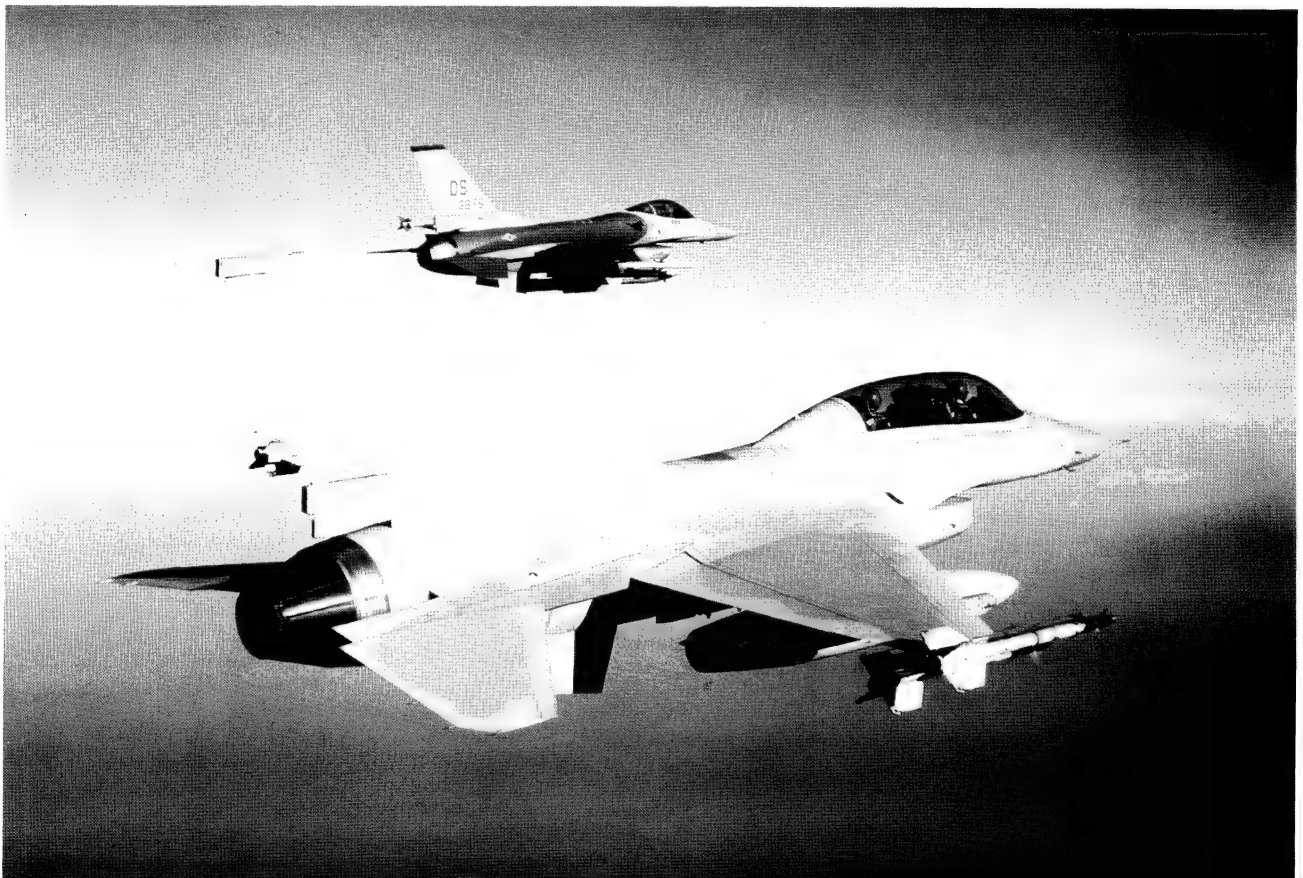
We flew in the Wolfpack with Robin Olds,
Some of us ain't coming back.
In a Foxtrot Four called the Phantom II,
We flew with the Red River Rats.

Robin came over to Ubon,
An Ace with 22 kills.
He led the 8th Wing to victory,
In the skies over Hanoi's hills.

The 435th and the Night Owls, too,
The Nickel and the 433rd.
Went with Robin through the jaws of hell,
Leading the Wolfpack herd.

Smoking along to the firewall,
Twenty-five feet off the deck.
Move over Hanoi Hanna,
Robin's gonna break your back.

Bandits; bandits; over Thud Ridge,
MIG Ridge and Haiphong too.
No sweat sir, Robin Olds is there,
And behind him is the Wolfpack crew.



A PROTEST SONG
(Tune: 1-2-3-4 What're We Fighting For)

Gimme an F-U-C-K-E-D.
What's that spell? Fiend!
(Repeat 3 Times)

Hell, c'on Fiends, what do we see,
Miles and miles of ROE.
Can't do this, nor that as well,
Think about fuckin' you'll go to hell.
So be the first one on your block,
To have your hog sent home in a box.

CHORUS

And it's 1-2-3-4, where did the fucking go?
Don't ask me I don't have clue.
All I know is my balls are blue.
And it's 5-6-7-8, let's masturbate.
Well, there ain't no time to shout or scream—whoopee.
We're all gonna cream.

Well, here at Osan, we've got things straight,
All we can do is masturbate.
Can't wet the wick in the local charm,
All we can do is grease our palms.
Don't look now—feels just great,
Let's 'jaculate.
(CHORUS)

Well, I don't know how it will check,
With the ORI when they come to inspect.
All the pilots and the pitters in misery,
Just about blind—they can barely see.
And everyone there in the band,
Has hair growing out of his hand.
(CHORUS)

CAME IN AN F-4D
(Tune: Sloop John B)

We came in an F-4D,
The whole squadron and me.
Around Osan we do roam,
Drinking all night, and a pussy that's tight,
I feel so horny, I don't want to go home.

CHORUS

So pull down her skimpy shorts,
See how her titties shake.
Send for the medic in charge, don't let me go home.
I drip on my shoes and I got the blues,
I feel so horny, I don't want to go home.

Well the First LT he got drunk,
Started to yank his trunk.
The town patrol came by to take him away,
Soju all night, got into a fight,
He got so broke up, he didn't go home.
(CHORUS)

Well my poor cock its got fits,
Like to fuck in my fist.
Then likes to shoot its wad up into the air.
Don't let me go home, I don't want to go home.
Oh my pecker's broke up, I don't want to go home.
(CHORUS)

I busted my P-C-O-D,
My old ladies gonna kill me.
I have no pecker at all, it rotted away.
I got Herpes 3, so far it's just me,
I feel so fucked up, I don't want to go home.
(CHORUS)



BABY SEAL SONG

Way up North where it is cold,
They ain't goy much gold,
So they make there livin' off the sealskins they've sold.
But me I like the killin'
Because it's so full fillin'
And I hate to see a baby seal grow old.
2-3-4

CHORUS

Don't bludgeon a seal,
'Cause you want a meal,
You do it 'cause you wanna make that little sucker squeal.
You hit 'em on the cranium,
And you do it for kicks,
Then you poke out his eyes with your eye poking' sticks.
2-3-4

My daddy was a little mean,
My momma was a bit obscene,
Maybe that's the reason that I feel the way I do.
You may not believe me,
But my woman wants to leave me,
So I guess I'll take it out on a baby seal.
2-3-4

(CHORUS)

Slice 'em, dice 'em, roto-til 'em,
Chop 'em up or just plain kill 'em,
Their skin comes off with just a couple rips.
Rip-rip-rip

They liberals want to lock me up,
'Cause I killed a seal pup,
I take their skin and tie it in little bales.
But I know it won't be long,
Before all the seals are gone,
So I guess we'll have to start wiping out the whales.
2-3-4

(CHORUS)

People, people, don't you cry,
'Cause I know that when I die,
I'll be coming back as a baby seal.
2-3-4

(CHORUS)



MAMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE FIENDS

(Tune: Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be
Cowboys)

CHORUS

Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be Fiends.
Don't let 'em shoot missiles and roll in on trucks,
Make 'em be doctors and make lots of bucks.
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be Fiends.
They'll never stay sober; they're always hung over,
Even on old Gumby's wing.

Fiends ain't easy to love and they're hard to control.
And they'd like to frag MPC for the bullshit they're sold.
Gas masks and flak vests and little tin helmets,
And sirens that drive them insane.
If you don't understand 'em and most Colonels don't,
You'd think that they've burned out their brains.

(CHORUS)

Fiends love OB and Oscar and small titted yobos.
Little kun-dingies and nurses and anything in sight.
Them that don't know 'em won't like 'em and them that do,
Sometimes won't know how to take 'em.
Ain't wrong, they're just different and their pride won't let 'em,
Forget the Fiends are the best.

(CHORUS)

HERE'S TO YOU KIM IL-SUNG

(Tune: Mrs. Robinson)

So here's to you, Kim Il-Sung, you fuck,
We'd like to Rockeye your asshole you know.
We curse your name, Kim Il-Sung, you fuck,
The devil holds a place for you in hell.
You know damn well...you know damn well.

We'd like to bomb your country back into the middle age,
We'd like to make it one big parking lot.
Look around and all you see is sunrise at high noon,
And if you fuck with us you're gonna meet your doom.

So kiss our ass, you syph'litic queer
Your wife she was a whore from Silvertown, she fucked around.
Producing your son in a benjo ditch,
He is a worthless cockbite just like you.
Do do do...do do do.

We'd like to thank you for the MIG, that Captain Lee flew south,
We'd like to pay you back with '61s.
We'd like to turn the yield up high as it will go,
We'd like to see you commies mother fuckers glow.

So here's to you Kim Il-Sung, you prick,
We'll nail your ass up on the tree of woe, wo wo wo.
And once you're dead, we will give a cheer,
And dance upon your grave that fateful day.
Hey hey hey...hey hey hey.



The "Dog Balls" (TW003) in 1985

YANKEE AIR PIRATE

I am a Yankee Air Pirate,
With DT's and blood shot eye-balls.
My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,
From SAM breaks and bad bandit calls.

CHORUS

A Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate,
A Yankee Air Pirate am I,
A Yankee Air Pirate, a Yankee Air Pirate,
If I don't get my hundred, I'll die.

I've carried iron bombs on the outboard,
Flown high cap for F-one-oh-thuds.
I've snivelled a counter or two once or twice,
I've sweated my own rich red blood.
(CHORUS)

I've been downtown to both bridges,
To Tai Nu, In Kep, and Fuk Yen.
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,
There's no place that I haven't been.
(CHORUS)

SOUTH KOREAN GIRLS

(Tune: California Girls)

Well Hong Kong girls are hip, I really dig their pubic hair,
And the PI girls, with the way they work, they lay me out when I'm down
there.

A slant eyed Japanese girl really makes you feel all right,
And the commie girls with the way they scream, keep Kim Il Chong up late at
night.

CHORUS

I wish they all could be South Korean girls...

Well the PI has the sunshine and the girls are cheap and tan,
I dig a string bikini on a Polynesian girl, number thirteen in the sand.
I've been all around this great big world and I've bought all kinds of girls.
But i couldn't wait to get back to the Ville, back to the cheapest girls in the
world.

(CHORUS)

Round-eyed girls are great, but they're so goddamn far away,
So I spend my time in the Yong Chan hut, pissin' all my pesos away.
I spend a lot of lonely nights in love with my right hand,
So I couldn't wait to get back to the place where twelve bucks makes me feel
like a man.

(CHORUS)





18 October 2001

REBECCA

Intro (spoken):

I used to go with a girl named Rebecca. She was a fine lass but her father and I didn't get along. One day when I came to pick her up, her Dad met me at the door and said to me:

Sung:

Was it you who did the pushing,
Left the stains upon the cushions?
Footprints on the dashboard upside down — upside

down?

If it was you who had Rebecca,
I swear I'll cut your pecka
And I'd best not see you come around!

And then I said to him:

Yes, twas I who did the pushing,
Left the stains upon the cushions,
Footprints on the dashboard, upside down — upside

down!

But since I've had your daughter,
I've had problems passing water,
So I guess that makes us even all around!

EAGLE DRIVER'S SONG

Yes we're all queers together,
That's why we go around this way.
Yes we're all queers together,
The asshole is here to stay.

Oh, the sexual life of a camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks.
At the height of the mating season,
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.

But the Sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is clogged with the sands of the Nile.
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the Sphinx's incredible smile.

Yes we're all queers together,
That's why we go 'round in pairs.
Yes we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs.

HO, HO, HO (NOT THAT KIND) SONGS WITH A CHRISTMAS FLAVOR

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY (Tune: Dashing Through the Snow)

Dashing through the sky, in a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly trying to stay alive.
The SAMs destroy our calm, the MIGs come up to play,
What fun it is to strafe and bomb the T.R.V. today!

CHORUS
CBUs, Mark-82's, 750s, too
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you.

Dashing through the goo, in a fucking Phantom Two,
Flying through the flak, never looking back.
Through the hills we dodge, SAMs in-coming our way,
What fun it is to strafe and bomb, the DMZ today.
(*CHORUS*)

Heads up to Ho Chi Min, the Fives are on their way.
Your luck, it has given in, there's gonna be hell to pay.
Today it is our turn, to make you gawk and stare,
What fun it is to watch things burn and blow up everywhere!
(*CHORUS*)

OH. LITTLE TOWN OF HO CHI MIN (Tune: Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem)

Oh, little town of Ho Chi Min
How safe you think you lie.
Beneath your ring of SA-2s
You think the "Fiends" won't fly.

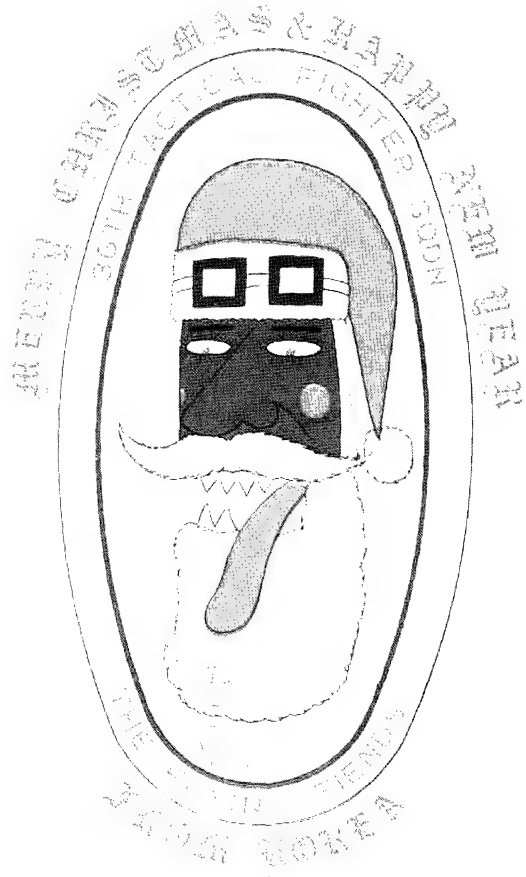
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs,
Too late for fear, the end is near,
How about that TBC???

UNCLE JOHN AND AUNTIE MABEL (Tune: Hark, the Herald Angels Sing)

Uncle John and Auntie Mabel,
Fainted at the breakfast table.
This should be sufficient warning,
Never do it in the morning.

Ovalteen has set them right,
Now they do it in the night.
Uncle John is hoping soon,
To do it in the afternoon.

AAAAAAmen!



I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE MISTRESS (Tune: White Christmas)

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Just like the ones I used to know.
With lips impassioned
And charms unrated,
And thighs that glisten like the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
The kind the Arabs do not know,
For though colors may change at night,
Yet, may all my mistresses be white.

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Unmarred by wind or dust or sun.
Like a supple willow,
With breasts to pillow,
My tired head when day is done.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Who's neither yellow, tan or black;
But dreamings not any fun, so,
Knock it off and let's hit the sack.

#1 CLISMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
Bull frogs singing in the choir,
Sam-lars singing, Ho, Ho, Ho,
It's Melly Clismas, you know.

Geckos clawing across the cold bare floor,
Flied lice cooking on the stove
Tee Locks kissing neath the mistletoe,
It's Melly Clismas, you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
Garlic breath gets in my way.
VC's roasting in the napalm fire,
Melly Clismas, Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
Napalm rising at their feet.
I dropped it low, but they went to slow,
Melly Clismas, Uncle Ho.

VC making love near a rice paddy,
Tee Locks eyes are all aglow.
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,
Tee Lock screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chappie joined him over there.
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rajachtani tonight...



A CHRISTIMAS SONG

(Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

God rest ye merry Kimchee men, let nothing you dismay.
Remember North Korea will take your land some day.
They'll burn your hootches, rape your wives,
And kill your children, too.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.

God rest ye merry Kimchee men, with no place left to hide.
You know Kim Il Sung will not rest till all of you have died.
He'll fry your balls in Makkolli halls,
And all your whores he'll ride.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.

Oh, when the Hawk comes out this year, you'll shiver in your coats.
And throw up when you finally see just how your dead child bloats.
The Chinks are coming, yea, yea, yea, to sink your fuckin' boats.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.

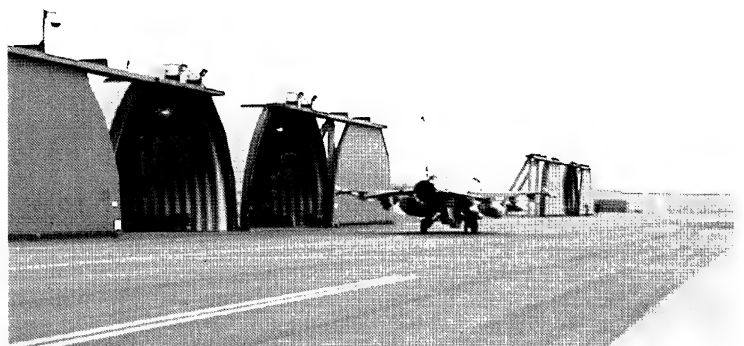
The parallel drawn years ago at 38th and Vind.
Did still your fears for many years and everything was fine.
But soon the screamin' Communists will make it twenty-nine.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.

God rest ye merry Kimchee men along the MDL.
The North is coming South again to blow you all to hell.
They'll cremate Seoul and fill the hole with all the ROKs that fell.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.

God rest ye merry Kimchee men, and all your families, too.
For Kim Chong Il, the time has come to take this land from you.
To fuck your wives then take their lives, brainwash your children, too.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.

You'll eat Chink shit to stay alive, there'll be no food for you.
And if you can't find Kimchee shit, you'll gobble what they screw.
Moist pubic hair, in underwear, and all that slimy goo.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.

Now let me tell you honestly, what really has to be.
There'll be no South Korea unless you pay this fee.
Kill all the assholes from the North, "Before they get to ME!"
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bring tidings of comfort and joy.



SKINNY JONES

(Tune: Hark the Herald)

Hark the Herald angels sing,
Skinny Jones has lost his thing.
No temptation, no desire,
Sings soprano in the choir.
Skinny's sex appeal has faded,
Since they had him castrated.
Skinny tells the time by watch,
Since he was streamlined in the crotch.

JINGLE BELLS

Flying through the sky, in a Foxtrot One-Oh-Five,
Flying through the flak, never looking back.
Through the hills we dodge, for SAMs are called our way,
Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe all day.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe all day.

CBUs, Mark 82s, 20 Mike-Mike too,
Daddy Thud strikes again,
Our Christmas gift for you.

(Marine version)
Fuck, fuck, fuck,
Fuck, fuck, fuck,
Fuck, fuck... (You get the idea.)

TWELVE DAYS OF COMBAT

(Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas)

On the first day of Combat, the Air Force gave to me, A pilot in a
teak tree.
Two rocket pods.
Three fuel tanks.
Four Aim-9's.
Five thousand pounders.
Six seven-fifties.
On the seventh day of Combat, Ho Chi Min gave to me, Seven
SAMs singing.
Eight flak sites firing.
Nine MIGs a-diving.
On the tenth day of Combat, the Air Force gave to me, ten
Sandys searching.
Eleven choppers whirling.
Twelve days a-waiting.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me,
A hand job in a pear tree.
On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me,
Two brass ball,
And a hand job in a pear tree.
3rd day Three French ticklers,
4th day Four cock suckers,
5th day Five mother-fuckers,
6th day Six sacks of shit,
7th day Seven scrotums swinging,
8th day Eight assholes aching,
9th day Nine nymphos nibbling,
10th day Ten tits a tingling,
11th day Eleven lesbians licking,
12th day Twelve twats a twitching.

DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR (Sammy Small)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all.
Do you hear what I hear?
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all.
Do you hear what I hear?
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball.
But it's better than none at all, It's better than none at all.

Oh, they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em all.
Do you hear what I hear?
Oh, they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em ail.
Do you hear what I hear?
Oh, they say shot him dead, with a piece of fucking lead.
Now that silly fuckers dead, that silly fuckers dead.

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, Fuck 'em all.
Do you hear what I hear?
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, Fuck 'em all.
Do you hear what I hear?
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, from a piece of fucking string.
What a silly fucking thing, that silly fuckers dead.

(WITH REVERENCE)

I saw Molly in the crowd, Fuck 'em all.
Do you hear what I hear?
I saw Molly in the crowd, Fuck 'em all.
Do you hear what I hear?
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud, Fuck 'em all.



ODE TO A GREAT FUCKING SAR EFFORT

(With apologies to "The Night Before Christmas")

One fine day, just last summer
(Twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over
From screwing the maid.

So with canopies open
And heads hung in grief,
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief.

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them to the Anchor-
Cycled through, then did meet.

With those beautiful Thuds
Spread in a "pod" - Quite a force
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan Horse.

The MIGs had been scrambled
Were headed out East
But the gunners are hosing
Eight-fives at our beast.

Why the hell should they hate me
I cried in dismay
I'm egressing, you bastards
So play it my way.

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit
And I knew there and then
Things had just turned to shit.

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
With our whole fuckin' crew.

So in anger and pissed
Did we drop the whole load
On that cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode.

There was no goddamn grief
As I cried out with glee
Eat your heart out, you bitch
For you'll never get me.

So with eighty percent
(That was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes we'd make it.

But twas mostly in vain
As we slung past the Red -
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead.

Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry.

As my two, three, and four
Broke down, left, then right
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light.

Well ol' buddy, my number one
GIB says to me
It looks like there's just
Gonna be thee and me.

And with your goddamn luck
We should punch out at ten
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin.

For I know just goddamn well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come,
let's all join in the fun.
The bridges, dams, and power plants, the
schools, the kids, and even ants,
Will know the awesome sound of bombs
hitting the ground
They'll shiver, they'll quiver. Gee, war is
fun.



Fiend "Reunion of Two" 2001

Over the Pyrenees, on the dusty road to Issus, manning the oars at Salamis, in the pubs of England, men sang. Those men were, and are today, Warriors. They sang lustily and sometimes even in key. Their songs extolled the bodily functions, particularly those of women, and more often than not were of the rigid middle digit genre, pointed at the powers above that got them into this mess in the first place. Their voices happily laughed at the "handsome young copper walking his beat," and roared out applause for the athletic prowess of Mary Ann Burns who "could do tricks that would give a man the shits." You must believe Companions under Alexander sang derisively of Darius and his palace full of concubines. And so it went. The old songs lived on through the ages. Words changed, tunes were altered, all to fit the times, but the songs themselves are the bonding and often the softening agent giving identity and courage to those facing the uncertainties of tomorrow. Not all were hawdy. In the late of the night, voices were sometimes raised asking if the sun would rise tomorrow, or quietly praising the next man to die.

Robin Olds, 19 December 1999

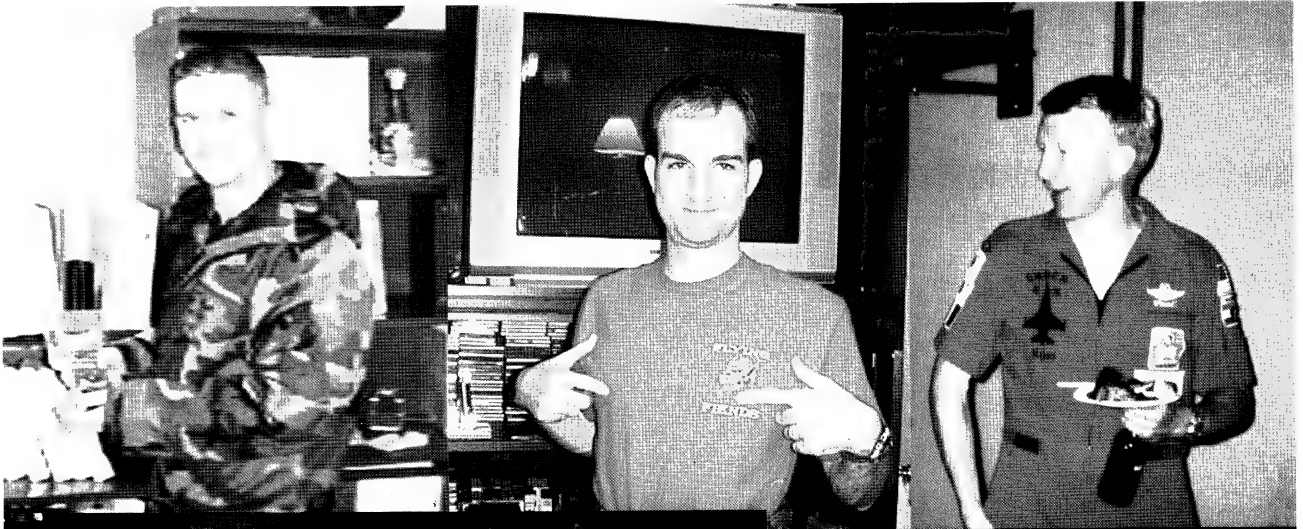


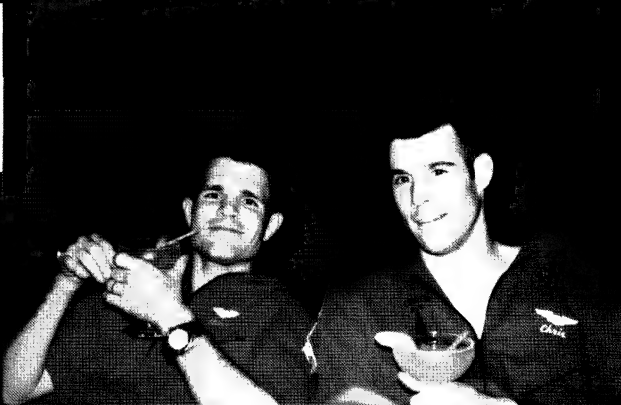


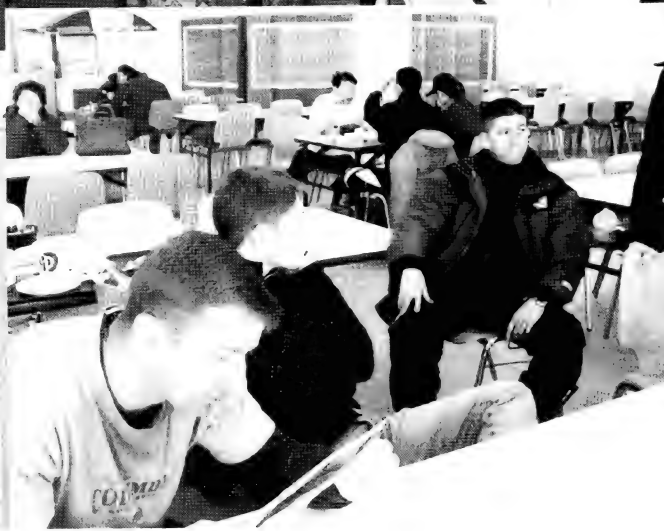




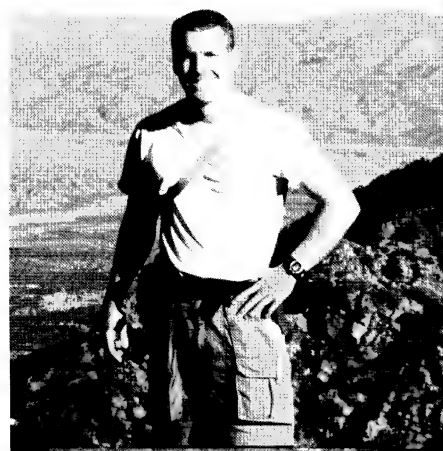
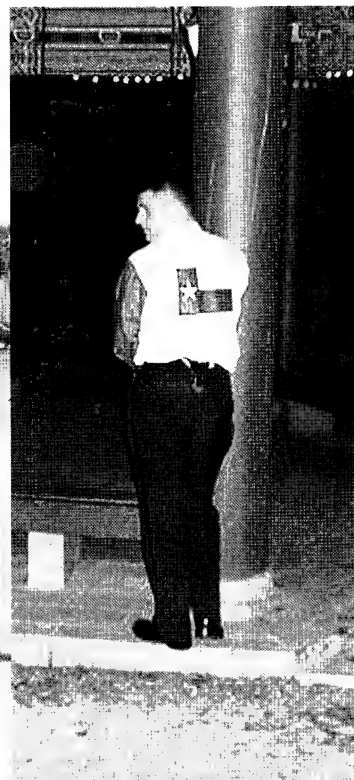




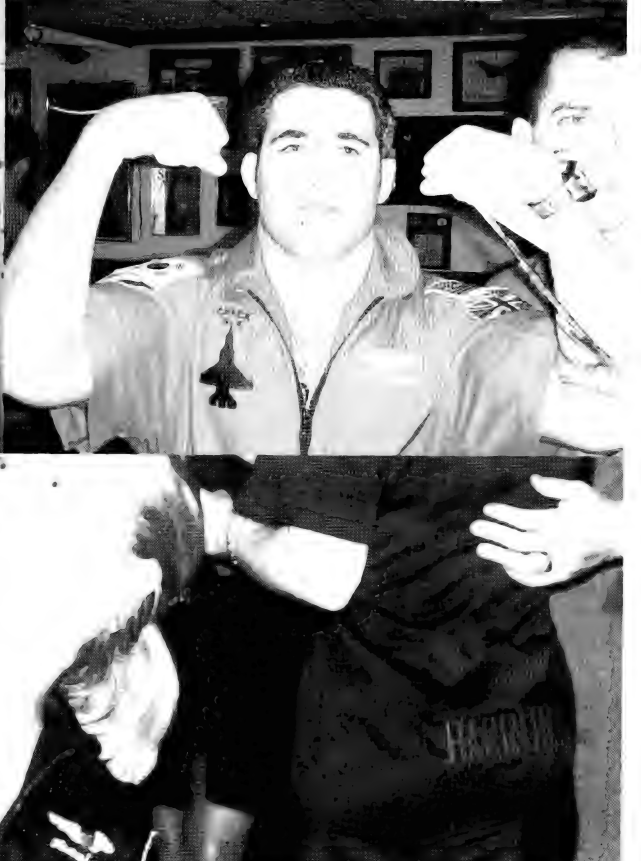


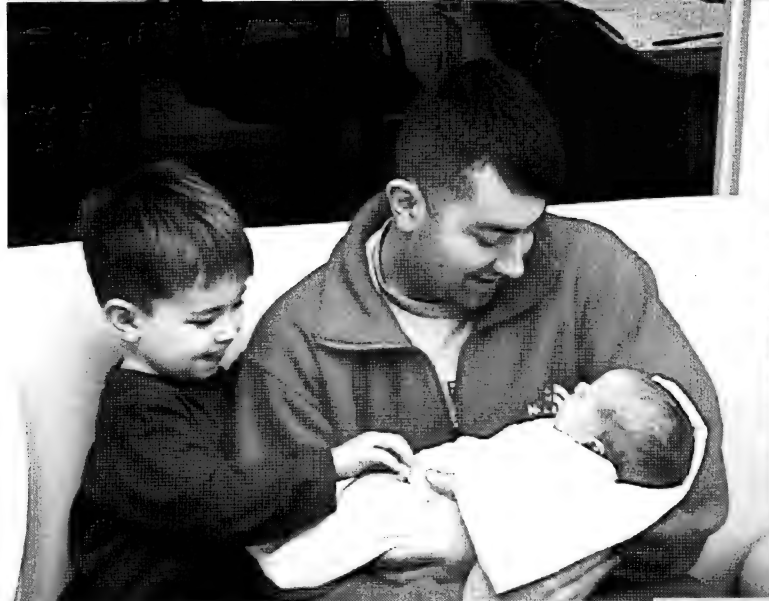


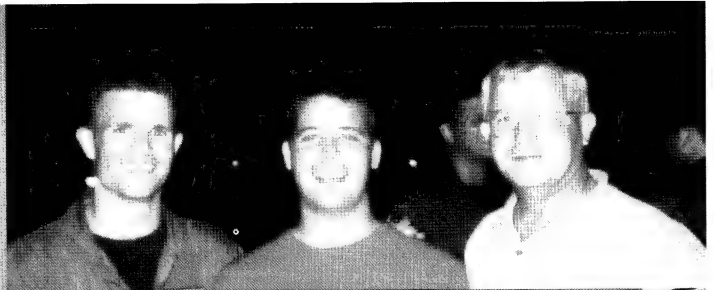




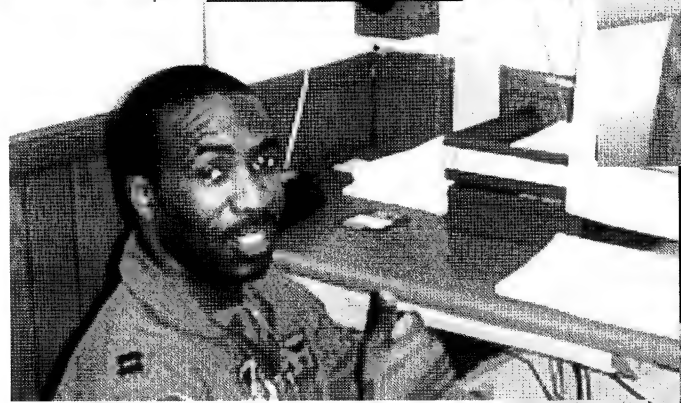




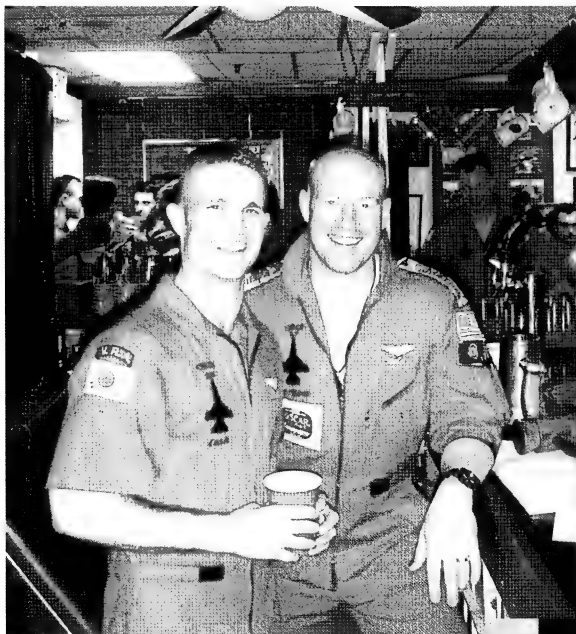


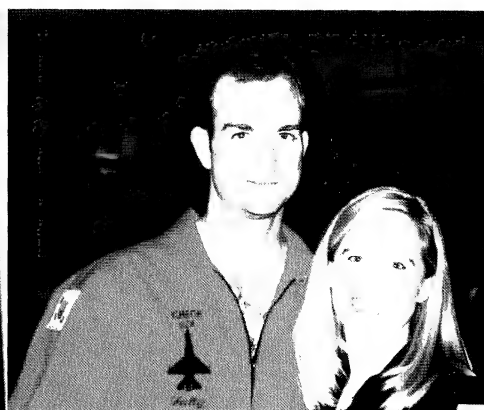








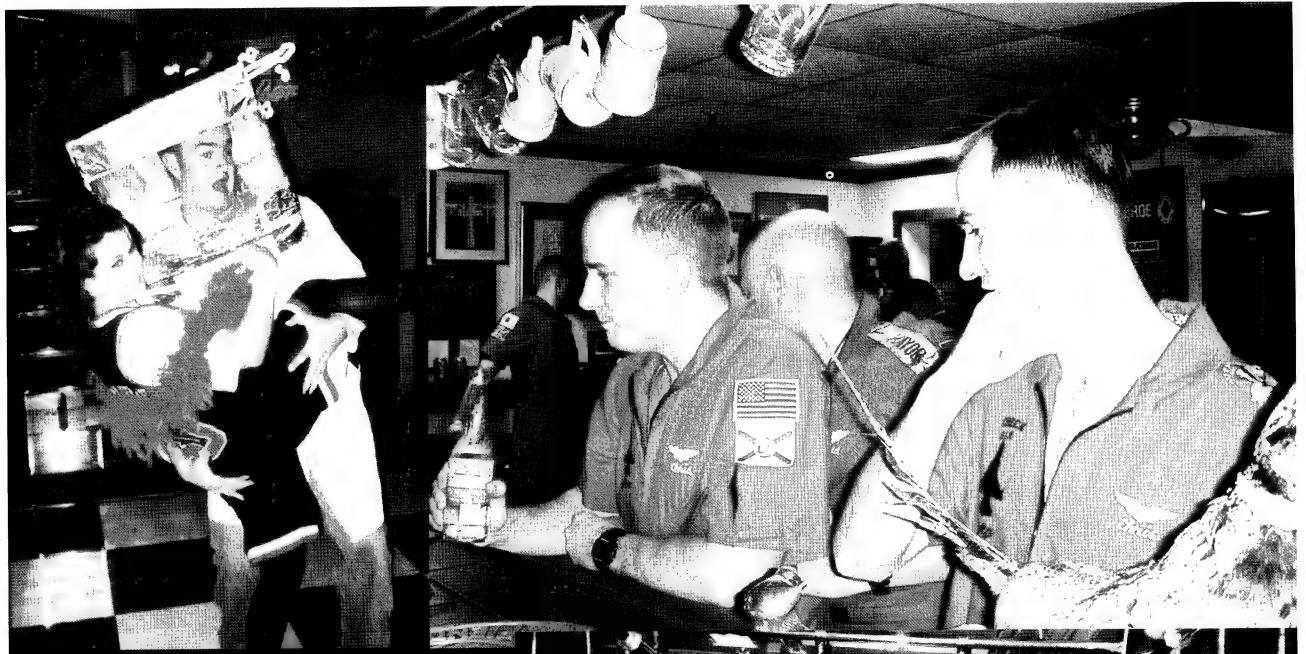


















THE SHOW OF COLORS

The Show of Colors is a time honored tradition where the officers of the 36th Fighter Squadron come together to celebrate the history of the fabulous flying fiends. It is here FNGs are given their fiend callsigns. The show is a time for recognizing individual and unit accomplishments, remembering successes, and airing grievances. There are two basic toasts used. The first is "to the fiends." The second is to nothing at all. The response from the crowd is "HARRUMPH." After finishing the beverage, it will be placed upside down over the head (clearage) and then slammed down on the cutting board on the bar (slammage). Failure to do this will result in reattacks. The mayor is the supreme authority and responsible for all that goes on at the show. The Mayor can be any rank. The dictatorship of the Mayor can be passed at any time and is solely the decision of the current Mayor.

FNG BEHAVIOR AT THE SHOW

FNGs will not be given a fiend-given name until they are MR and have been to their second show. Prior to getting named, FNGs will not speak unless spoken to by the mayor. FNGs will be required to give portions of fiend history upon request. Failure to do so will result in punishment at the bar and may delay nameage for the FNG.

PROPER ATTIRE AT THE SHOW

All participants at the show are required to wear the Fiend Party Suit with the following guidelines.

Fiend Party Suit:

With your given first name (what your mom calls you) and the aeronautical rating on the left breast

Flags of the U.S. and the state of birth on left shoulder

On the right shoulder, flags of all overseas assignments starting with Korea on the top and working backwards down the sleeve.

LPA patch is worn above the U.S. flag on the left shoulder.

Other optional embroidery designs on the party suit are not only authorized, but highly encouraged

Undergarments: Undershirts are not authorized, underwear is allowed only if it is completely red, and socks are not allowed.

Shoes: Footwear is to be manly. Manliness is determined by the mayor, whose decision is final.

Coin: The fiend round object is to be carried at all times

VIOLATION OF ANY OF THESE RULES WILL RESULT IN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT AT THE BAR.

A SALUTE TO THE FIENDS

The average fiend is one part lover and two parts tiger, with a dash of sangfroid, a dollop of Joie de vivre, and a hunk of weltschmerz thrown in for good measure. He lies with a perpetually irritated bump on the bridge of his nose where his oxygen mask rubs, is slightly deaf from listening to loud engines and radios all his life, and has low blood pressure and even lower pulse rate, is uncomfortable on the ground in anything but a tight fitting phone booth, has trigger reflexes, eyeballs on the back of his hard hat, broad peripheral vision, a rock-like bottom, and extremely articulate hands (with which he demonstrates innumerable combat maneuvers each day - between cigars.) He also has the habit of looking at his fingernails often to see if they are turning blue (the basis of high altitude oxygen management.)

He believes passionately that the only degree worth having is a PHD in flyology, and is just as firmly convinced that the world is three drinks behind and that there would be no more wars if people would only catch up. Many think he is to be replaced by some sort of flying univac, but to this he replies: "Where else can you find another non-linear servomechanism weighing only 160 pounds and having such unusual adaptability that can be produced so cheaply by unskilled labor?"

When he eventually spins in and 'Buys the Farm', he wants to do it with his boots on (wellingtons, modified with zippers: \$23.50) and live forevermore in a land populated by blondes.... "Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, and there's poker every night."